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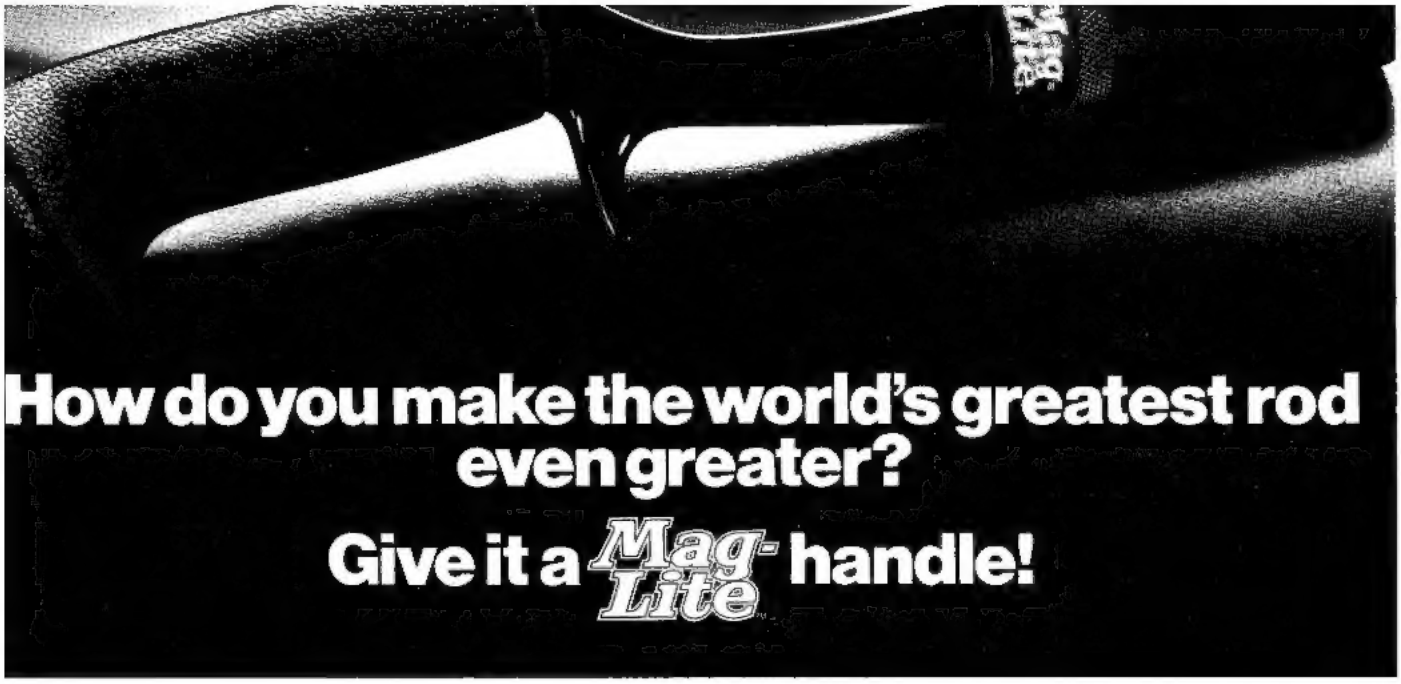

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

JACK SLADE'S COLT

Slade's Wells Fargo Colt by John B. McClernan (Exposition Press, 900 South Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N. Y. 11801, $5.00) is a book about a man and his gun. The author bought the gun, an antique Colt pistol, and then began the task of researching the weapon. This small 73-page book is the result of the author's efforts. McClernan, who lives in Butte, Montana, presents an interesting story. He sites evidence which he says shows that his old Colt belonged to Joseph Alfred Slade who, he says, was variously known as Jack Slade, Capt. Slade and Slade of the Overland. According to McClernan, Slade was hanged in 1864 by Montana vigilantes. The author presents a convincing case, especially if you compare the text—twenty pages—to the notes and documentation—forty-eight pages—plus index. The author, a lawyer and former judge, is now retired.

SPAIN IN THE SOUTHWEST

Under-graduate students and laymen will find rewarding reading in *The Spanish Borderlands—A First Reader* (Lorrin L. Morrison, 1915 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, California 90018, $5.50 paper, $10.00 cloth) edited by Oakah L. Jones, Jr. The book reminds us of an often overlooked fact that U. S. history began on the Spanish borderlands rather than at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Fifteen authors have contributed chapters dealing with various aspects of Southwest Hispanic history, some of which are: "The Llano Estacado" in the Texas Panhandle; discovery and settlement of northwestern Mexico; successes and failures of the presidio system; and Indian and Spanish water control disputes which are still going on. The various chapters are written by dedicated professional writers who have contributed many newsworthy details. We found several maps and illustrations helpful in following the text. Even a hard-core borderland reseacher will find the numerous references as copious selected reading list useful in finding new sources of subject matter. Very good.

SOME ARE FREE

Indian and Free: A Contemporary Portrait of Life on a Chippewa Reservation, (University of Minnesota Press, $9.75) is a collection of 160 photographs and accompanying text by Charles Brill which portrays the life of the Red Lake Band of Chippewa Indians on a northern Minnesota reservation. Emphasizing the freedom which the Red Lake Band enjoys, Brill shows how the 4,000 members hunt and fish freely, govern themselves through their tribal council, and maintain their own way of life. Logging, fishing, hunting, and growing wild rice are some of the major activities. Powwows and sings are common, and religion is Christian with certain vestiges of the old way mixed in. Schools, hospitals, and churches are important both in meeting the people's needs and as links with the outside. The Bureau of Indian Affairs cooperates but does not control. Federal Housing Administration and the Headstart and Comprehensive Health Services of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare have also cooperated with the tribal council. Brill's photographs and narratives succinctly capture the Indians' way of life through the seasons—a way of life which may soon be gone.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

It doesn't take much searching to locate good books on wilderness areas and wildlife of the United States. Dozens of books on these subjects have been published in recent years. But good books on wildlife and wilderness areas of Mexico have been scarce until Ben Tinker wrote *Mexican Wilderness & Wildlife* (University of Texas Press, Austin, Tex. 78712, $9.95 hardcover). Tinker, who spent many years criss-crossing northern Mexico as a Federal Game Guardian, has written a fascinating book about that country's grizzly and black bear, jaguar, bobcat, coyote, timber wolf, whitetail deer, bighorn sheep, and mountain lion. His first-hand observations are laced with anecdotes about his experiences in the Sierra Madre and the rugged wilderness and desert areas of Sonora and Baja California.

Tinker, who also was a rancher in Sonora, includes anecdotes about his encounters with bandits and his discovery of archaeological ruins. He also discusses conservation efforts in northern Mexico. Unfortunately, there is no index; otherwise, highly recommended.

THREE SANDOZ BOOKS

Few students of Western history have not heard the name "Mari Sandoz." She was born in Sheridan County, Nebraska in 1907 and taught country school for a time before finding her life's work in editorial research and writing. Her first book was *Old Jules* (1925), a biography of her father. Before her death in 1966, Mari Sandoz wrote nearly a dozen more books. Now the University of Nebraska Press (901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588) has reprinted in its Bison Book paperback series three of her better known works—*The Buffalo Hunters* ($4.50), *The Cattlemen* ($5.95), and *The Beaver Men* ($4.50). Each is a sweeping history of the title subject and together they cover a large chunk of Old West history. *The Buffalo Hunters; The Story of the Hide Men* first appeared in 1954. *The Cattlemen* was first published in 1958. *The Beaver Men* made its appearance in 1964. This reviewer always gets a good feeling when such deserving books are reprinted. It means the author's efforts have not been forgotten and the work has withstood the test of time. Highly recommended.

OKLAHOMA GHOST TOWNS

Is it possible that 130 ghost towns exist in Oklahoma? John W. Morris says that number does exist and to prove it, he has written an interesting book entitled *Ghost Towns of Oklahoma* (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 73019, $14.95 cloth, $6.95 paper).

Morris, a long-time professor of geography at the University of Oklahoma, looks at towns that no longer exist, towns where buildings or remains of buildings may still exist without people, and communities where population has dropped at least 80 percent. These communities, say Morris, are really ghost towns too.

He presents his stories in alphabetical order beginning with Academy (located near Durant in Bryan County) and ending with Yewed (located near Cherokee in Alfalfa County). In between are such towns as Beer City, Cold Springs, Doby Springs, Gene Autry, Paw Paw, Sans Bois, Skullyville, Sod Town, Three Sands and 119 others. Each profile begins with a summary of where the town was or is located, and the dates when it had a post office. Morris then details the town's history and includes photographs where available. Seven maps at the end of the book's text help the reader locate the ghosts. A bibliography and index then complete this large 229-page book. It's a nice addition to Oklahoma history. Recommended.

MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERED

In the summer of 1967 a St. Louis man gave the Missouri Historical Society a box containing old papers and documents. The box and its contents had been owned by the man's family for several generations. Inside the box was an account of the first overland trip to California by an American in 1826. The first-person account was written by Jedediah Smith. Now that manuscript has been edited by George R. Brooks and published for the first time as *The Southwest Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith* (The Arthur H. Clark Co., Box 230, Glendale, California 91209. $24.50). The edition is limited to 750 copies. It is Volume 17 in Arthur Clark's "Western Frontiersmen Series."

(Continued on page 37)

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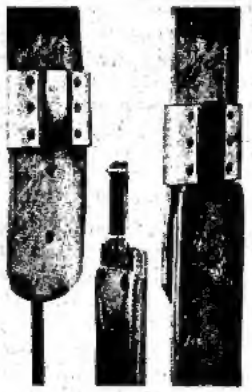

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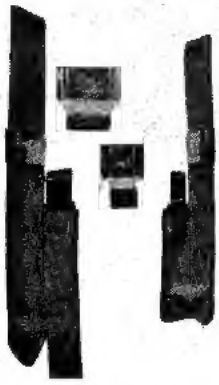

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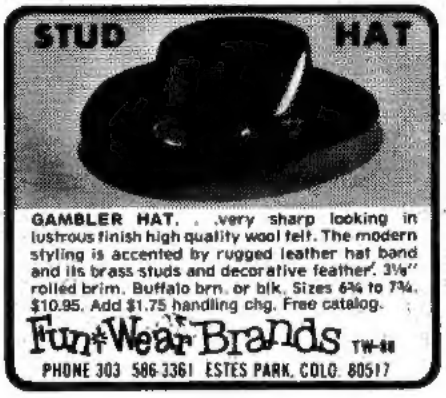

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: W. H. D. Koerner
How Women Vary
From the Tom Keilman Collection, Austin, Texas

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True Western

He thought the climate would improve his health, as he had asthma. He bought a man off who lived on Palo Duro Creek. The man had a small sod house and some other improvements. Grandfather came in 1886; he only lived about two years. After his death my father, Q. A. Sutton, sixteen years old, and his mother and her brother and family drove wagons and came to No Man's Land in 1888. My grandmother squatted on a one-fourth section of land adjoining the one my grandfather lived on and they were able to get a deed to the 320 acres.

After my father married my mother, Della E. Aubrey, Stephen Aubrey's second daughter, he filed on the northeast one-fourth part of the same section about 1901. They built a home on this land and I was born there on May 12, 1902.

(Continued on page 36)

Posse members who searched for and finally captured the men responsible for the murder of Sheriff Cross and others. Arrow points to S. O. Aubrey.

County Seat Fight

The story by David Wood, Jr. in the April *True West* about Hugoton and Woodsdale, Kansas was interesting to me. I am sending pictures to you along with some other information I have about the Woodsdale trouble.

My grandfather Hiram Sutton came to the Oklahoma Panhandle, or No Man's Land, after going through the Civil War.

Witnesses in the Cross murder case. The people in the photo are identified on the back as follows: 1. S. M. Watrous; 2. Geo. S. Majors; 3. J. E. Webb; 4. J. P. Curry; 5. Seth Furnas; 6. Will Wood; 7. R. L. Edmonston; 8. A. M. Wells; 9. Mrs. S. N. Wood ; 10. H. F. Adams; 11. J. W. Johnsen; 12. S. N. Wood; 13. P. W. Wallar; 14. Dick Wilson; 15. Herbert Tonney; 16. Taylor Fox; 17. Geo. A. Pearson; 18. Nute Tarrant; 19. Jim Williams; 20. C. R. Wright; 21. Victor McCrary; 22. P. B. Dick; 23. Dr. R. F. Furnas; 24. M. D. Chapman; 25. J. White; 26. Perry Carpenter; 27. Geo. T. Sheafer; 28. F. Plantz; 29. J. T. Hamilton; 30. C. A. Bickett; 31. E. Bolin; 32. Wm. Keir; 33. S. O. Aubrey; 34. L. E. Williams; 35. Wm. Lowe; 36. J. D. Corry. The photographer was W. M. Caldwell, Paris, Texas.

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ABOUT THE COVER ARTIST

W.H.D Koerner

DURING the 1920s and '30s the most popular magazine in America was the *Saturday Evening Post*. Famous writers were eager to sell to the *Post* and the nation's best illustrators were commissioned to sketch the action.

Chief among the latter was W. H. D. Koerner whose talent blended so well with stories written by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Emerson Hough, Hal G. Evarts, and others. Koerner was particularly interested in the Old West, and through attention to detail and artistic integrity he brought magazine illustration to a high point of excellence.

William Henry David Koerner was born in Germany in 1878 but grew up in Clinton, Iowa. Grade school teachers initially discovered his talent; and his first paid assignment was painting cow heads on milk wagons at $5 a head.

By the late 1890s ambition drove him to Chicago where he got a job on the *Tribune*. Working for James Kelley, managing editor, he made $5 a week; five years later he was making $45. Cameras had not yet come into general use and an artist-reporter needed a quick and imitative eye to capture the events mirrored in a great metropolitan daily. Koerner's passion for accuracy was so great that once—with the connivance of the jailer—he had himself locked up with a murderer to obtain the necessary physical details for his sketch. Koerner stayed with the *Tribune* for six years, rose to the post of assistant art editor and enjoyed every minute of it.

Unluckily—or luckily—however, he was offered the job of art editor with the *Pilgrim Magazine*—which failed. Rather than return to the *Tribune* at a time of increasing use of the camera, Koerner sought formal training at the Art Students League in New York City. An added incentive to self-betterment was his marriage to a fellow student, Lillian Lusk, in 1903.

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By ROBERT L. WAGNER

Photos from the Tom Kellman Collection
Austin, Texas

Koerner illustrated both the exciting wild-and-woolly side of the West as well as the quiet moments of everyday life. Probably the single facet of his talent that set him apart from most illustrators was his ability to convey the human emotions of the characters in his work.

New York permitted him to work under such artistic giants as Gutzon Borglum, George Bridgman, and Jo Davidson. Looking back he felt that the two years at the Art Students League simply demonstrated how much he still had to learn.

The period 1907-1917 was the most significant in his career. These years were spent in or near Wilmington, Delaware where he attended Howard Pyle's art criticism classes and met such luminaries as N. C. Wyeth and Anton Otto Fischer.

Koerner and his wife were nearly out of money when the editor of *Red Book* magazine sent him a story to illustrate—followed by others. He continued to study and take his work to Howard Pyle who, in 1908, suggested that he was ready to show his wares to Philadelphia and New York editors—the Big Time.

From this trip Koerner came back with a commission to illustrate a story for *Ladies' Home Journal*, Other offers came quickly—not only from the *Journal* but from the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's* and *Red Book*.

For a time (1909-11) the Koerners shared a restored colonial home with three other artists outside Wilmington. Especially constructed studios were installed, and distance from town gave them the privacy needed to work. Koerner was now getting numerous commissions and had to avoid distractions as he was always racing against a deadline. *Harper's* allowed an artist one month; *Collier's*, three weeks; *Ladies' Home Journal*, two weeks to a month; and the *Saturday Evening Post*, one week to ten days!

By 1911 Koerner had returned to Wilmington and his studio on Franklin Street near that of Anton Otto Fischer.

Koerner did considerable War Poster work when America entered World War

(Continued on page 50)

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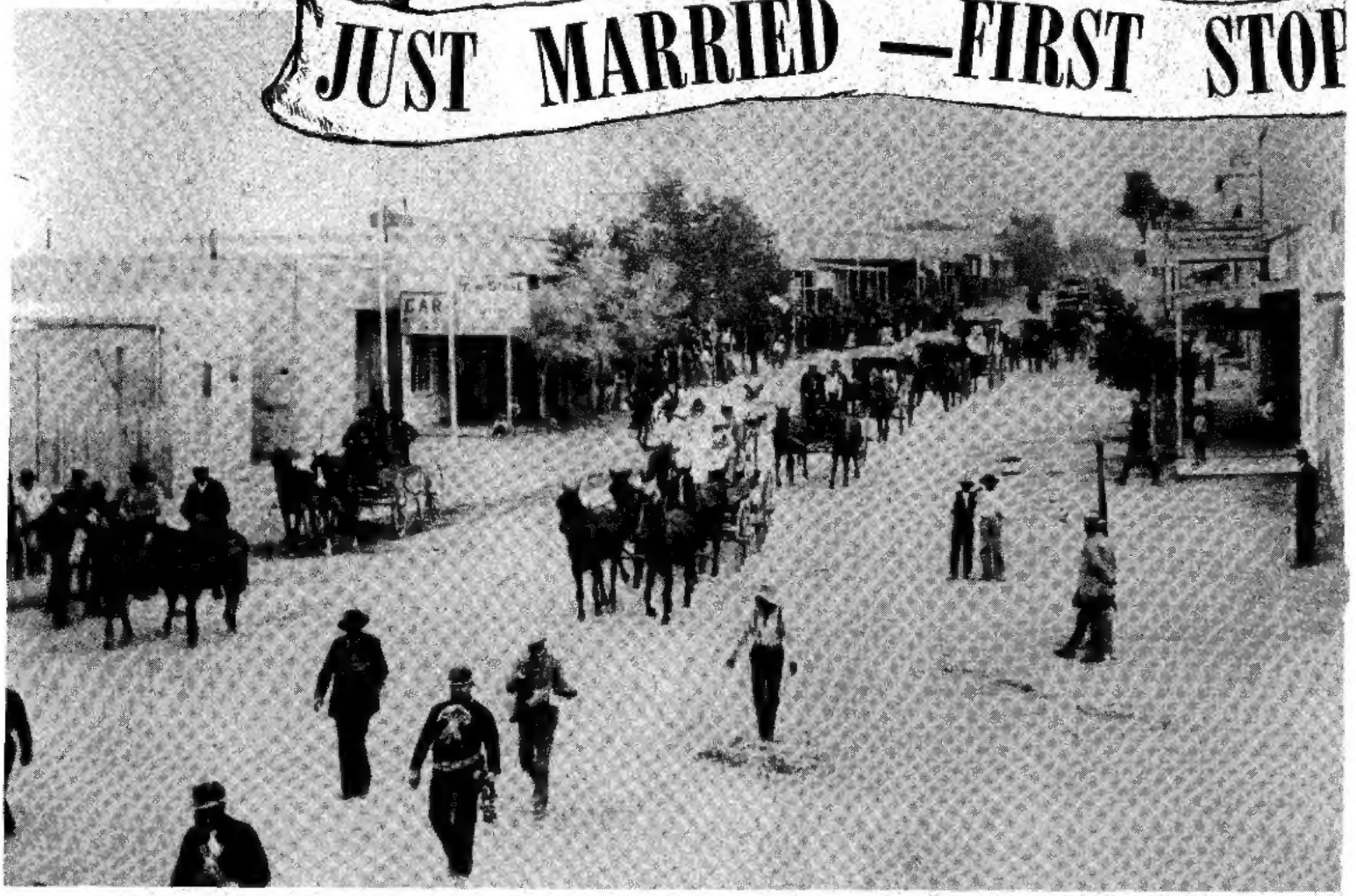
JUST MARRIED —FIRST STOP



Courtesy Lester Vincent

By NEMA ANDERSON
Photos Courtesy Author

As told by Memo's son and daughter: The late Lester Vincent, and Viola Vincent Ellis.

So what if this town threw lead instead of rice? Different places have different ways!

At top of page, the whole town has turned out for the Territorial Day celebration in Tombstone. At left, C. S. Fly took this photo of Memo's husband, Thomas Vincent (on left), and her brother Jack, who soon packed his bag and left Tombstone for the safety of his home in England!

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Minnie Chenhall Vincent—"Memo" to her father and friends—weighed less than one hundred pounds. She sang and was accomplished on keyboard and stringed instruments. But the delicate size and gentle manner of this English girl concealed a most adventurous spirit.

Her father, who owned successful photographic studios in Cornwall County, had anticipated that Memo's interest in studio work would ultimately bring a son-in-law of like tastes into the family firm of T. Chenhall & Sons. It was not to be. Thomas Vincent's arrival in Redruth, England to court Memo ended Chenhall's fond dream. Thomas, the expatriate, was obviously infatuated by the American Southwest.

Following the wedding, Thomas returned to Tombstone. When he had found a job at the Crystal Palace Saloon, and rented a house next door to Camillas Fly's studio, he sent for Memo. To appease Mr. Chenhall, Memo's brother Jack escorted her on the ocean voyage and cross-country train trip to Benson, Arizona. There they took a stagecoach, and Memo's first glimpse of Tombstone was from its windows. It was a sight to send a less optimistic girl back to the arms of her father!

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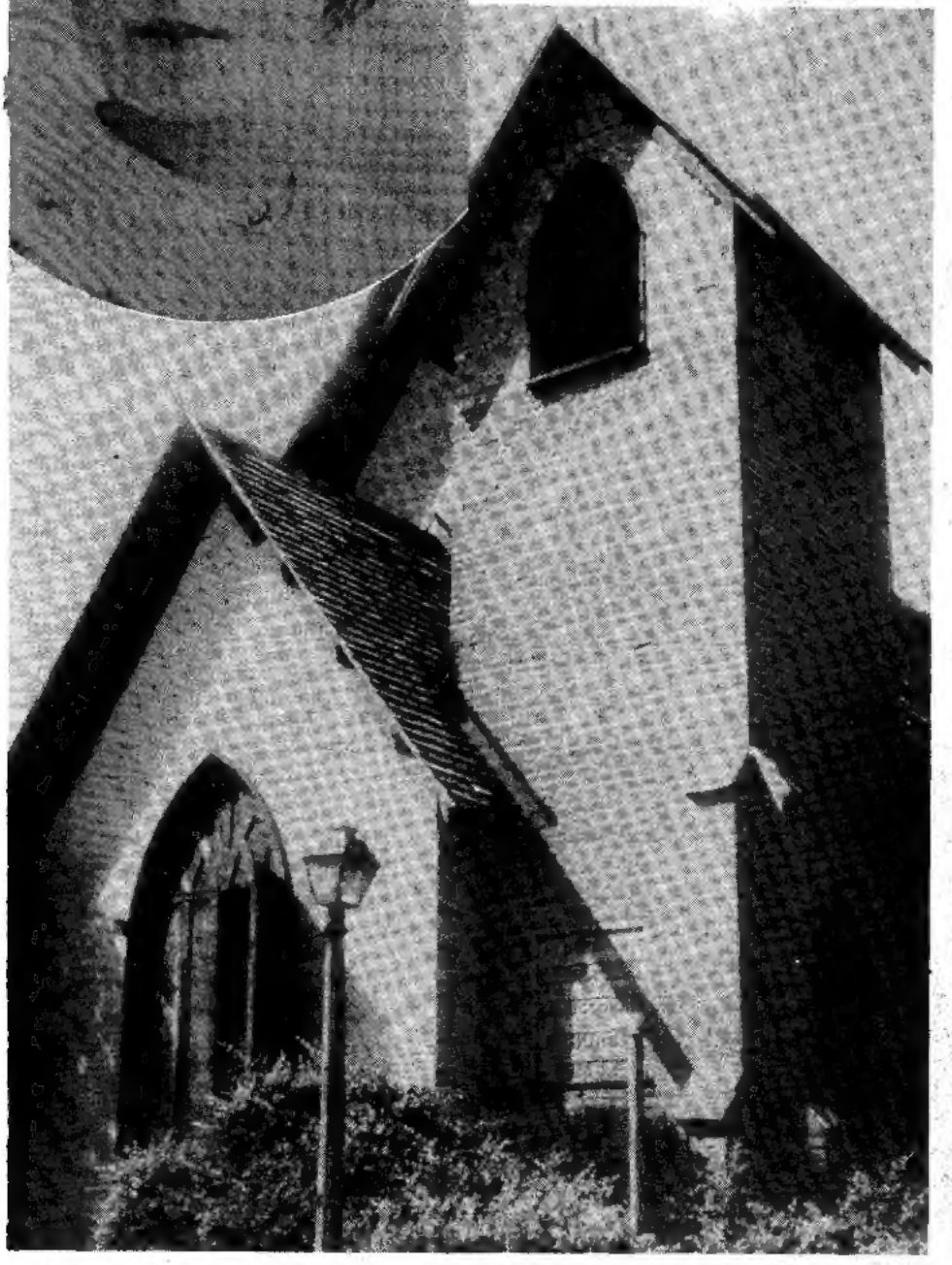
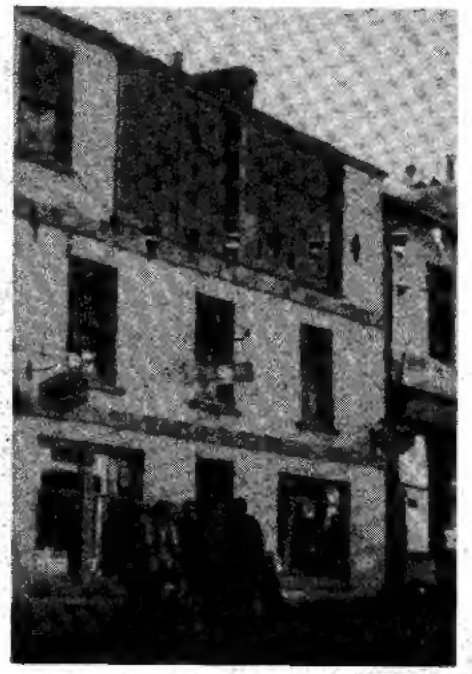
TOMBSTONE!



Courtesy Viola Vincent Ellis



Courtesy Lester Vincent

At left, Mrs. Camillas Fly took this portrait of Memo shortly after her arrival in Tombstone. On right, in Redruth, England, the third-floor windows of T. Chenhall & Sons photography studio have purpled with time. Below, Memo's church, St. Paul's Episcopal, on North Third Street in Tombstone.

They had arrived on the heels of a lynch mob, and a man's body was hanging from a noose looped over the arm of a telegraph pole. The victim, John Heath, had escaped the death penalty when tried for complicity in the so-called Bisbee Massacre—in which bandits had killed several citizens while shooting up the town of Bisbee. In February of 1884, an incensed populace pronounced its own verdict.

Jack had planned to stay in Tombstone, but such goings-on made him nervous. Tales of saloon hell-raising that his brother-in-law witnessed daily did little to ease his mind. Especially unnerving was Thomas' account of how Buckskin Frank Leslie had shot Billy Claiborne. Thomas, who worked with the gunslinger at the Oriental Saloon in 1882, saw him casually untie his apron before stepping outside to dispatch Billy to Boot Hill.

Like Memo, Jack sang beautifully, and Thomas wanted him to show off his fine tenor voice on the stage of the Crystal Palace. He was singing a popular tear-jerker, "The Blind Boy," when a one-eyed miner took exception to the words. The drink-muddled patron emptied his six-shooter at Jack, but the bullets riddled the red velvet curtains instead.

When Memo watched her brother board the outgoing stage next morning, it was the last she would ever see of her Cornwall family.

MEMO took the rambunctious ways of Tombstone in stride. She'd hardly settled into her new home when a drunk miner staggered in one night. Delighted with what he found, he tossed his hat onto the bed and said happily, "Aha, a new girl in town!" Fortunately Tombstone's early houses were thin-walled, and Camillas Fly heard Memo's cry of astonishment. Thereafter she kept her door latched.

Camillas and his wife—who was a competent photographer in her own right—had come to Tombstone from San Francisco. They were young, and like the Vincents, were fired with enthusiasm. The two couples enjoyed a close friendship.

While Thomas worked his twelve-hour shifts at the Crystal Palace and Camillas lugged his camera on jaunts afield, the two young women tended "The Camillas Fly Boarding House and Photograph

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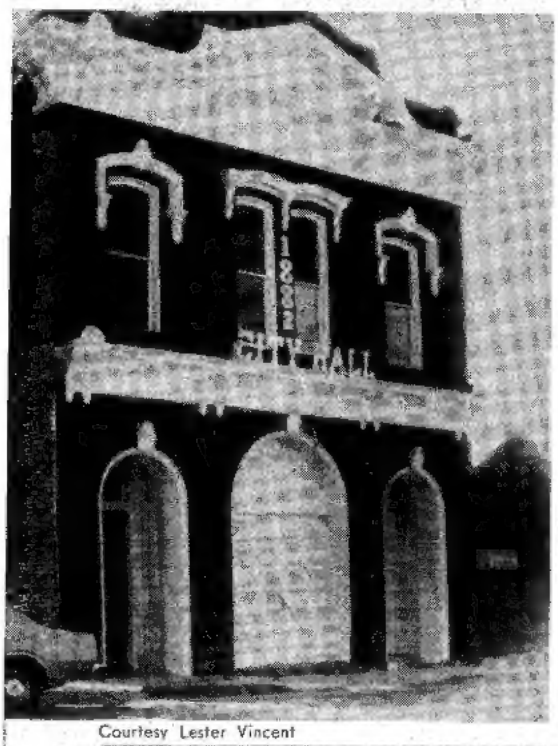

Courtesy Lester Vincent

Studio." At 35-cents a photograph they made portraits of slicked-up cowboys and gunfighters, and of celebrities who performed at the Birdcage Theatre and Scheffelin Hall. Along with pictures which Camillas Fly took of Indians, the United States Army, and peace officers in the field, the photographic work of Memo and Mrs. Fly is a priceless documentary of Arizona's beginnings.

Mary Alvord, crippled sister of Burt Alvord, often sat with Memo in the evenings while Thomas was at work. It was Burt's custom to drop in and give money to Mary. Memo, touched by his brotherly solicitude, later became disenchanted with this engaging scalawag. Burt had an unusually flexible conscience. He could ride shotgun for Wells Fargo, then switch to holding up the stagecoach. Between working as Sheriff John Slaughter's deputy and as an Arizona Ranger, he rustled cattle and robbed a train.

Above, the Globe City Band. Thomas Vincent stands behind the drum with baton in hand. At left, Tombstone's City Hall. Marshal Virgil Earp's office was in the small building on the right. Below, the Oriental Saloon. Thomas Vincent saw Buckskin Frank Leslie shoot Billy Claiborne near this front corner.

By then, however, Memo had children to care for. Her first-born, Percy, came into the world with the help of Tombstone's renowned frontier physician, Dr. George Goodfellow. Although this brash and robust doctor had moved his practice to Tucson by the time of Lester's arrival in 1892, he nevertheless attended Memo at the birth of her second child.

She gave generously of her time and talents to her adopted town. At the Episcopal Church, Memo pedaled a pump organ until her ability prompted the purchase of a beautiful new instrument. Old-timers claimed that her organ-playing and directorship of the choir gave Tombstone the finest church music outside of San Francisco. Thomas organized the Tombstone Band and led the Birdcage Theatre's orchestra. Memo and he gave music lessons to others while teaching their six children to sing and play musical instruments.

IN MAY of 1885, Geronimo and 140 of his followers broke out of the San Carlos Reservation. Until his final surrender on September 3, 1886, corpses and burned ranches marked this Apache's trail. One small band, led by Ulzana (also known as Josanie) accounted for 38 victims. One day Apaches rode to the outskirts of Tombstone itself, at a time when most of the able-bodied men were at work in the mines. There, just beyond rifle range, they raced their ponies back and forth in typical bravado.

Memo's children were often warned not to stray lest Indians snatch them off the desert. Lester recalled that he was nine years old, and wide-eyed with wonder, when his mother returned from a trip to Phoenix and told of seeing the once-feared Geronimo there selling trinkets.

Apaches were not the only threat to Tombstone children. Gunshots and flying hatchets once made a battleground of the town's streets. Chinese—initially imported for track labor on the railroad—remained to grow vegetables and operate small laundries. One enterprising Oriental sent to China for a wife, whereupon a rival faction stole the girl. Until the Tong War simmered down, Memo kept her youngsters in the house. Open mine pits in the desert also were hazards; underground blasts were blamed for the encroachments of rattlesnakes; and Dr. Goodfellow treated more scorpion stings than gunshot wounds.

The earthquake of May 3, 1887 struck as Memo was taking a pie from the oven. Other than her pastry, several adobe huts, and a few window panes, the tremors left Tombstone intact, but it did open a fissure on the desert that townspeople took Sunday excursions to see. Bavispe, a Mexican village across the border, was devastated by the quake. The Vincents headed a collection of medical supplies which Dr. Goodfellow took to the relief of the suffering villagers.

(Continued on page 40)

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FORTUNE LOST IN A CATTLE DRIVE

Blueprint for a wipe-out: Underestimate the enemy, then fight him on his own ground and let him pick the time!

By OLGA FREEMAN
Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy University of Oregon Geology Department

Above. Indians hiding in the rimrocks attacked and killed the owners of the herd and stampeded the cattle. At right, the nine hundred head of cattle being driven to the Virginia City market in 1861 thrived on the lush grass and good watering holes along the Applegate Trail in Southern Oregon.

VIRGINIA CITY, the liveliest mining town in the Pacific Coast area, was a lucrative market for cattle in 1861. When Sam Evans and Joe Bailey made plans to drive 900 head of cattle there from Oregon, the risks seemed inconsequential in comparison to the money they could make.

L. P. Thompson of Roseburg, Oregon recounts in his reminiscences the events of that ill-fated journey. Sam Evans, Thompson's brother-in-law, had talked Thompson into helping with his herd of 400 cattle, and it hadn't taken much persuasion. Thompson, who was born in Illinois in 1842, had come to the Umpqua Valley in 1858 and at the age of twenty-one was ready for any adventure.

The party left Roseburg on the first day of July and upon reaching Ashland in the southern part of the state met up with Joe Bailey and his herd of 500 steers. The two men anticipated making $100,000 in the venture.

They discussed which of two routes they should take. The more usual one was south to Yreka, east by way of the U. S. Army garrison at Fort Crook, and then into Nevada. The other route, known as the Applegate Trail and blazed by pioneer Jesse Applegate in 1846, was longer and less traveled, but offered better grass and watering holes for the cattle.

Bailey and Evans opted for the latter

(Continued on page 58)

DID "WESTERN" JUSTICE PREVAIL?

By ROBERT M. STEGMAIER
Photos Courtesy Author

Never steal a horse from a man whose life has been saved by one . . .

WESTERNERS concluded early that horse thieves deserved hanging. With no other means for long distance travel, for herding cattle, for escaping Indian attacks, for emergency, stealing a horse was stealing another man's right to life; therefore the life of a horse thief was forfeit.

At Fort Sill, Indian Territory, February 9, 1869, Captain Allison Pliley had cause for dwelling on this Western truism. His favorite mount, Blossom, the fastest horse in camp, had just been reported missing; in addition, two other prize horses were missing—along with three AWOL soldiers.

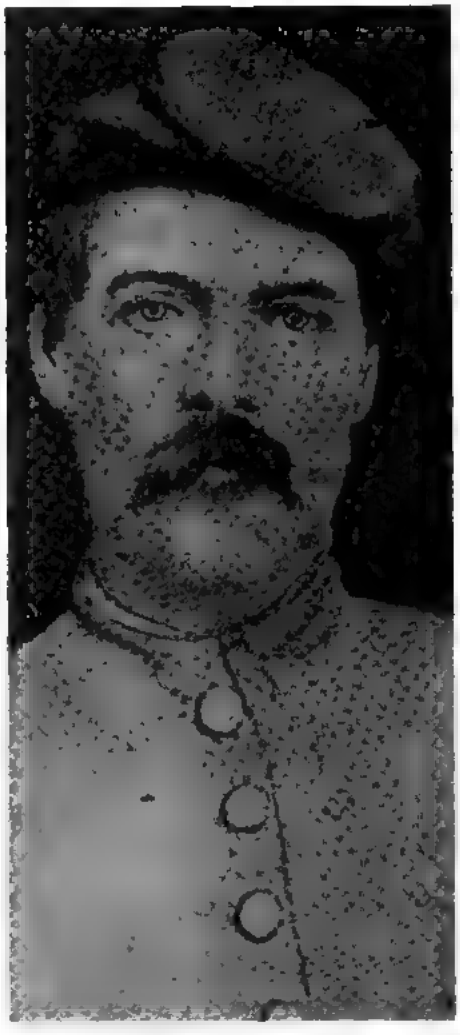
To get help in determining the route they had taken, Pliley asked General George Custer for temporary use of his Sioux guides. The latter reconnoitered the camp and reported three riders heading southward. Two days later, at daybreak, Pliley and a small volunteer detachment surprised the threesome asleep. All gave up without a struggle.

Returning to Fort Sill with the deserters' equipment, Pliley, when asked about the fate of the horse thieves, remarked laconically that when last seen they were marching "towards the rising sun without arms." In that succinct yet unclear statement there remains the mystery of their actual disposition. Were they marching over a tree limb or were they really released without firearms in the vast unpeopled tangle of the Wichita Mountain wilds? No one knows. Captain Pliley never amplified his brief statement

Like many frontiersmen, the captain was not given much to talking about himself. One of his contemporaries said of him: "He is very modest and never could push forward or toot his own horn. . . . So several others [of his time] have great book and paper reputations while Captain Pliley is mentioned indifferently, if at all." In other words, little will be found in history books regarding the deeds of this man, yet that little shows him to be a better than average product of the Civil War and its aftermath on the Plains.

Pliley was born in Ohio. At an early age he accompanied his family to a farm near Topeka, Kansas. There he witnessed the political struggles of "Bloody Kansas" days and the life and death efforts of North and South to dominate the area. Sectional feelings were strong; life was expendable. Such an atmosphere was a cruel school for the upbringing of a young man.

At age eighteen (1862), Pliley drove a wagonload of flour to Denver; the following year he repeated the journey, carrying bacon from his father's farm. While he was learning independence and self-reliance, he was becoming familiar with western Kansas Territory, preparation for his later role as scout in that region.

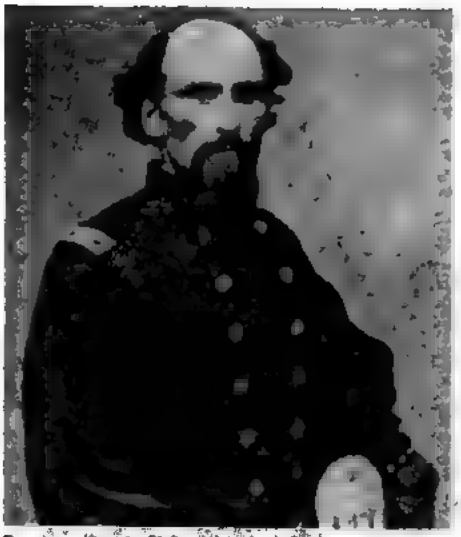


Above, A. J. Pliley. At right, Troop E, 1st Cavalry, returning to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, May 28, 1897.

Military training he commenced in late 1863. His unit was Company F, Fifteenth Kansas, under command of Colonel Jennison. Border warfare with Southern-inclined Missouri was the training ground. In an invasion of Platte County, across the Missouri River from Leavenworth, the Fifteenth returned from one maneuver with freed slaves and "long cavalcades with wagons, carriages, and stock." A little later, after Quantrill's sacking of Lawrence, the Fifteenth guarded the border in the Fort Scott area. Little is known of Pliley during this period; however, his services were outstanding enough to have his companions-in-arms elect him Second Lieutenant. In a hard unprincipled school of instruction, this promotion was recognition of leadership and courage.

WITHIN six months after the Civil War and Pliley's discharge from service, Indian trouble threatened the westward progress of railroads, and he became a scout with the 18th Kansas Cavalry. As one of his closest friends said of him, "He delighted in a desperate situation."

Ordered to scout out an adobe shack where a few 18th soldiers were reportedly besieged, he was, en route, observed by a hostile band. His horse Nick, considered by some the fastest on the Plains, easily outdistanced all but one pursuer. Upon this one, the scout decided on counting "coup." Deliberately he maneuvered for an advantageous shot. Twice each fired and missed. On the third



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Above, Governor Samuel J. Crawford resigned his political office and became Colonel of the 19th Kansas Cavalry. One of his units, Company A, elected Allison Pliley as Captain. At right, an artist's portrayal of the battle of Beecher's Island where, after the third day of the seige, Allison Pliley and Jack Donovan succeeded in a daring night escape from their indefensible position in order to secure help for their unit.

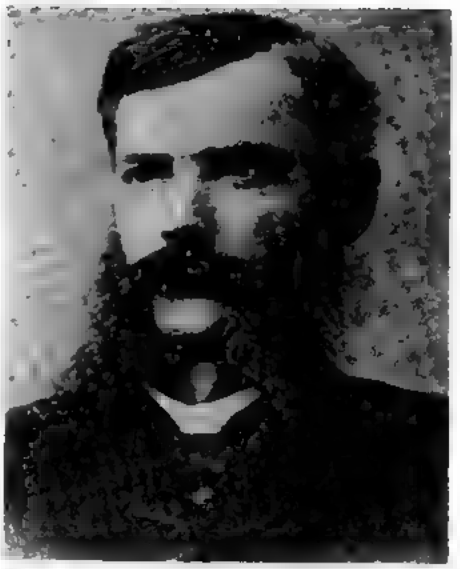
effort, Pliley scored. From the chest of his fallen adversary, obviously a warrior of great fame, Pliley removed a Lincoln peace medal.

A bit later, in the Prairie Dog Battle in western Kansas, Pliley acted as scout for Major Armes and his 10th Cavalry "Buffalo Soldiers." Doubting that Indians were in the vicinity, although so reported, Major Armes sent his scout to look for tracks. Out on the Plains, Pliley encountered Captain Jenness of the 18th Kansas and 27 men. Three hundred Indians attacked this column. Pliley received two bullets in the calf of his right leg.

In a hollow square the command fought and held, but another group of hostiles appeared in the distance. By releasing all horses but two, the Kansans diverted the renewed attack. About this time too, a more lucrative target for the red men made its appearance—a supply train. Pliley rode his horse through the Indians and into the circle of wagons. Later he rode out again through the circle of death to ride seventy miles to inform General A. L. Smith of the train's predicament. Pliley was rightfully proud of Nick that day. A good horse had been a life-saver.

Even Little Raven, a prominent Arapaho chief, was impressed. For Nick the chief offered six mules; all were branded "U. S." and accordingly refused! The next offer was more seductive—one of the chief's daughters and membership in the tribe. Diplomatically Pliley stated the first exchange was too little and the second too magnanimous—no compromise was reached.

(Continued on page 42)



Above, James A. Hudley, clerk of Pliley's Company A.

U.S Signal Corps Photo

John Snook was the kind of officer every crook dreads: Too honest t —and so fair it w

BY-THE-

Top of page: Sitka Indians dancing in full regalia, February 4, 1899. Sitka was the capital city, housing the territorial jail, young John Snook's responsibility. At left, John W. Snook, the "Kid Marshal" of Alaska.

By ETHEL KIMBALL

Photos Courtesy Author

All photos from the album of the late John W. Snook
Reproduced by Clyde Stone, Salmon, Idaho.

JIM SHOUP, newly appointed U. S. Marshal of Alaska, leaned forward as the boy took the witness stand, straining to hear every word of his testimony above the muffled sounds in the crowded little courtroom. Any trial in Salmon City, Idaho always drew a lot of townspeople, but this one was for cattle rustling, a very serious matter in 1897, and many of the outlying ranchers had taken the day off to attend. The outcome would affect them, too.

Jim was a brother of George E. Shoup, who was Idaho Territory's last governor, the first elected Governor of the State of Idaho, and later a U. S. Senator. Jim, a pioneer of Salmon City, had known Johnny Snook, the witness, almost since the day of his birth. But Jim had not known the live-by-the-law determination that

was wrapped up in the lean, hard body of this kid, and that was what intrigued him now.

Everyone listened as Johnny told how his brother Charley had come down from Hayden Lake on K Mountain, above their father's ranch, and excitedly related that he'd found the remains of a butchered heifer on the sidehill above the lake, and that he thought the heifer might be one of Johnny's.

"I was driving six head of horses, leveling ground on my father's ranch," Johnny said, "so I took them to the barn, traded them for a saddle horse, got my six-shooter and went up to the lake. I saw a piece of hide floating around in the water, and I threw my lasso out over it and pulled it in, and there was my half-circle brand. Then—I could tell by the footprints—I thought they'd brought the head down and thrown it in the lake too, so with a stick I was able to find it. I took off my clothes and went in, and there was the head with my tag in the ear and my name on it."

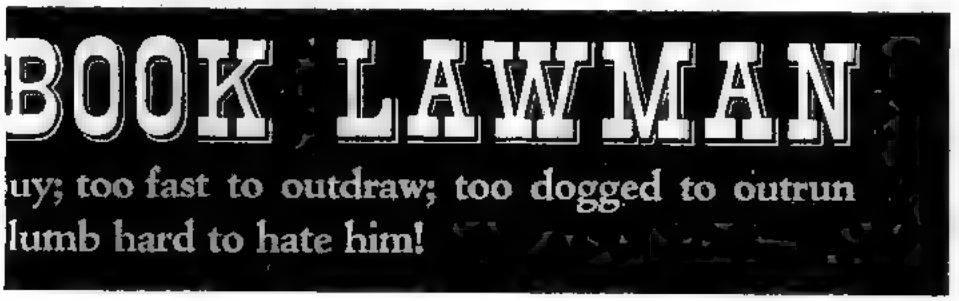
The courtroom was absolutely still as Johnny continued. "I got dressed and started looking for tracks, and found there were three horses, so I followed them. When they left, there was one fellow leading a horse, and they circled around and then went down Haynes Creek. I followed them down, and I knew then that the fellow on foot was leading the horse with the beef on it. I tracked them for five miles before they turned into a ranch gate, so I went on in and saw a horse tied up with a blood-covered saddle on it.

"I got a pair of pinchers and pulled a shoe off the horse for evidence, then picked up the other two tracks again and followed them until they crossed the Lemhi River and headed for another ranch. Then I knew who they were, so I came to town for the sheriff. We went back up the next morning and caught the leader asleep in the granary, and he quick woke up and threw up his hands. The sheriff took him to jail, and the next day he got the other two men."

Johnny finished his testimony on a matter-of-fact note; the men killed his heifer, they were caught, they stood trial, and he and the law were both satisfied.

All three men were put on a $500 bond, which immediately was jumped by one of them and he left the country. The second turned state's evidence and was freed on probation, while the leader drew nine years in the state penitentiary.

Above, a small steamer unloads its cargo of men and freight at Dyea. Bottom of page, John missed his fine saddle horse while in Alaska. Dog teams like the one pictured proved far more practical in the Alaskan climate.



Jim Shoup was impressed. In this rough, half-tamed country how many youngsters, angry and armed, would have followed the lawbook the way Johnny had? How many could have resisted the temptation to take the law into their own hands?

Jim waited outside the courtroom until the boy came out. "Johnny," he said, "on July first I'll take my office in Alaska, and I sure would like to have you for a deputy. How close are you to being of age?"

"I'll be twenty-one this fall, October 20," Johnny answered thoughtfully, "but I own a grain self-binder I do custom work with, and my father and I each own half of a threshing machine that we work during harvest. And I'm trying to buy John Hughes' 320 acres for myself, so I don't think I want to leave here. Thanks, anyway."

"Well, if you change your mind," Jim said, "just as quick as you are old enough you come up and I'll appoint you deputy."

JOHNNY thought the subject was closed, but by the time his birthday came he was about to change his mind

(which he did only a few times in his entire life). His dream of owning a ranch was crushed at least temporarily when Hughes decided not to sell his place, the grain harvest was all done, and he found the the wild, clear call of the great North was getting louder in his young heart every day. It wasn't an easy decision to make, but once he had decided he lost no time—he went to Alaska.

Jim Shoup appointed him deputy for Fairbanks, but Johnny began his education as lawman a long way from that town, mostly because there was no way to get there during that winter of '97. He also learned there were only ten deputies for the entire district of Alaska, and none was provided for Dyea, where the marshal decided they needed one worse than any other place in the country at that time. Dyea was six miles around the bend from Skagway, right at the head of the Lem canal where all the thousands of Klondikers were going up and over the terrible Chilkoot Pass into the Yukon gold fields. During the fall of 1898, the White Pass railroad to Whitehorse would be completed, eliminating the Chilkoot and making Dyea a ghost town, but right then it was one busy, wicked place. So, even though Johnny drew the salary for Fairbanks, Jim Shoup stationed him at Dyea.

Johnny chuckled about it later on, but he took a lot of ribbing when he first assumed his duties. He was immediately dubbed "The Kid Marshal" and it couldn't have been easy for him to fill his office with the dignity he'd have liked.

However, he accepted this testing period with his customary determination, and in April he lost his amateur standing in a very decisive way. He went up the man-killing Chilkoot Trail to find and arrest a man named Webster Hall, alias Walter Riley, and to serve a subpeona on another man if he should happen to run into him.

James Foster J. Bowers Turner Jackson Von B. Triplett

Johnny found Wall and arrested him without incident. Then he made the first, and almost the last, big mistake of his life by not handcuffing his prisoner. His reasoning was that it would be cruel to hamper the man in the biting cold on the treacherous Chilkoot and, besides, he had a "six-shooter" while the man had no weapon of any kind. So Johnny started Wall down the trail, following close behind.

They met a lot of other men coming up the trail toward them and, as luck would have it, one group of five happened to include the fellow Johnny was to subpeona. In order to abide by the law, Johnny took the time to read the paper to the fellow, then handed him a copy. All the while the other men and the prisoner milled around together, apparently just waiting.

When Johnny and Wall started walking downhill again, the others went up and soon the two men were unusually isolated, with no one else in sight. Suddenly Wall whirled around, an Iver Johnson .38 hammerless "six-shooter" in his hand and with every intention of using it. Too late Johnny realized that one of the five climbers had slipped the gun into Wall's mackinaw pocket!

Without even thinking Johnny grabbed for the gun, and the quick strength of his ridiculed youthfulness up-ended Wall into the snow with Johnny right on top of him. Two times Wall fired his gun, trying to break the solid grip on his wrist and turn the weapon enough to make a direct hit. Then Johnny was

Above, four of Soapy Smith's gang of outlaws handcuffed together after their arrest by the "Kid Marshal." Below, like a column of ants, thousands of prospectors climb the infamous Chilkoot Pass Trail on their way to the gold fields of the Yukon.

standing over him holding the gun, his face white with anger, and blood streaming from his helpless left hand. The hand had saved his life when the bullet had blasted through it, but a cord had been severed, leaving him with a crooked finger for the rest of his life.

For the remainder of the seven miles yet to walk, the pain was intense, but Johnny prodded his now-handcuffed prisoner on to jail—that's what the book said to do. And on the 26th day of April 1898, as he marched Wall down the main street of Dyea, Johnny, the "Kid Marshal," became John W. Snook, highly respected Alaska deputy.

Webster Wall was tried in June that year at Sitka. After the complaint for attempted murder was read, the judge asked, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" Wall answered, "I'm guilty," and the judge immediately pronounced sentence by saying, "Well, I'll let you off with six years in the penitentiary, but if you'd killed a marshal I'd have been glad to put a rope around your neck!"

In later years John Snook commented, "I was just thinking, if a judge said that now, according to some of these Supreme Court rulings, he'd be disqualified."

LATER that year, Marshal Shoup sent for John to help move some prisoners from the jail at Sitka. This jail kept only men with a sentence of one year, and any convict with a sentence of one year and one day on up, was transferred to a federal penitentiary in the States. When he got to Sitka, John learned there were ten convicts to be moved to San Quentin —and five of them were criminals he himself had arrested! Three had been convicted for separate murders in Dyea; one, for murder at an outlying mining camp. The fifth was Wall, the man who had tried to kill John.

The rest of the prisoners had been gathered up from all over Alaska.

W. S. Staley, the deputy of Juneau, accompanied John on the trip, and there were no problems. But before they could return, war was declared and the government took over the boat they had gone down on, stranding them in San Francisco. Staley, whose family lived at nearby Santa Rosa, asked for a thirty-day leave to visit them, and Marshal Shoup agreed. John could be moved temporarily to the deputy's job in Juneau, he decided.

While John was at Juneau the notorious "Soapy Smith" reached the end of his trail of crime in Skagway. Knowing that the deputy there had been "bought" by Soapy, Marshal Shoup chartered a boat and accompanied John to Skagway. By the time the officers got there, four of the remaining outlaws were holed up in a hotel, and John went to arrest them.

In relating the incident, John said, "I walked up there to put them under arrest and Bowers [one of the outlaws] said, 'This is the first time I was ever glad to see a Deputy United States Marshal. When you walked in, then I knew we were under the protection of Uncle Sam.'

"I took them all before the U.S. Commissioner, and I also arrested the Deputy Marshal who had hid in the town so good that the citizens hadn't been able to find him. He got a year in the Sitka jail for his complicity in it, and Jackson, if I remember right, got ten years for his part of holding the gun on Tanner, and the others were all convicted but got off with lighter sentences. The citizens of Skagway also ran a whole bunch of other men out of town for being involved without enough evidence to convict them."

John took the prisoners to Sitka, and the Marshal decided he would transfer John to Sitka permanently. Here at the capital city, John Snook got his first taste of what was to be his biggest job as a lawman—he was put in charge of the jail, in addition to the deputy's duties. This position he held until August 1, 1900, when the government provided three judicial districts for Alaska and moved the Capitol to Juneau. Then he was transferred to Skagway, to serve for four years until the first of July 1904, when he resigned and returned to Idaho.

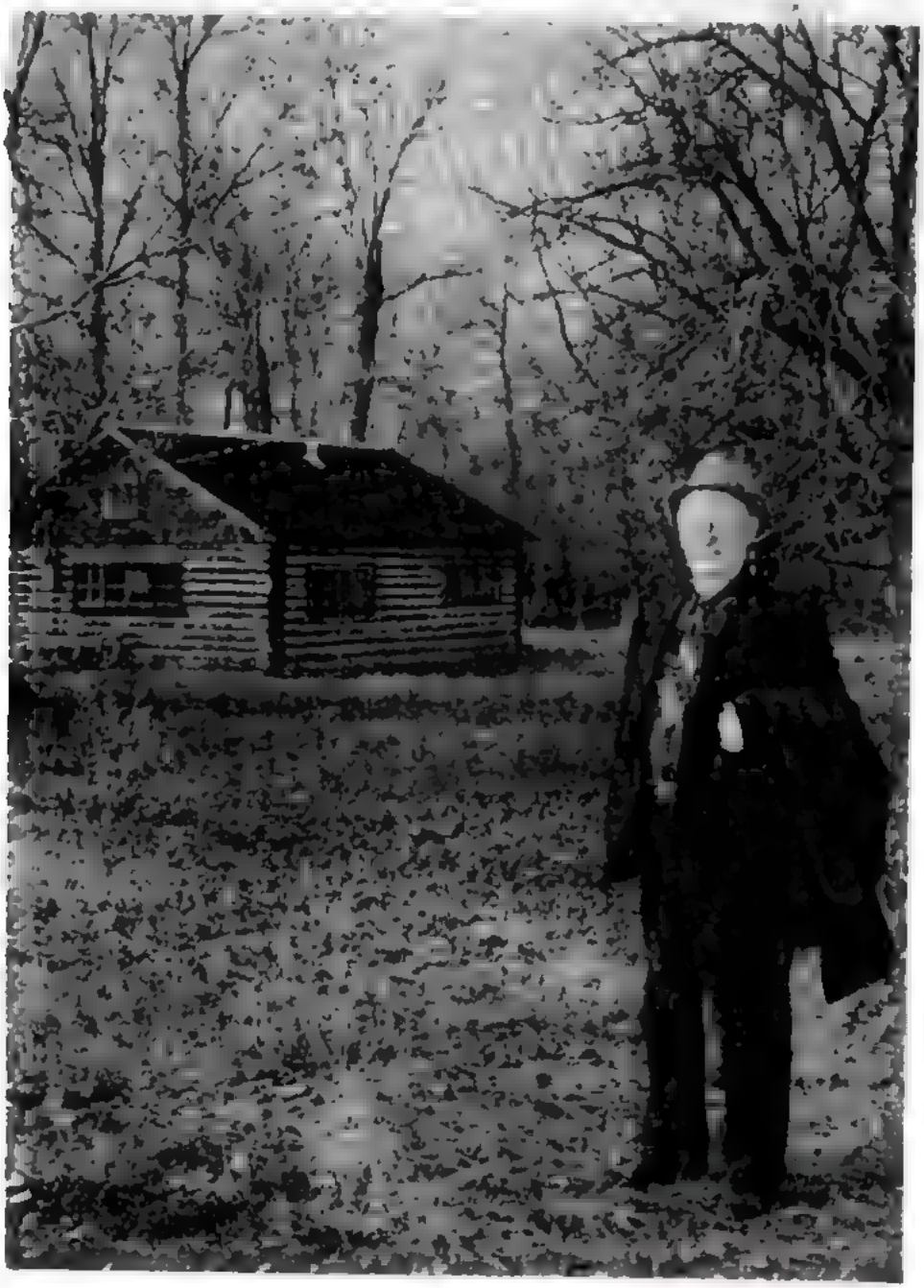
DURING the seven years he served in Alaska, many changes had come for John. He met and fell in love with Charlotte Clayson, and they were married at her mother's home in Portland, Oregon on January 27, 1903. The following year their first son, John Clayson, was born.

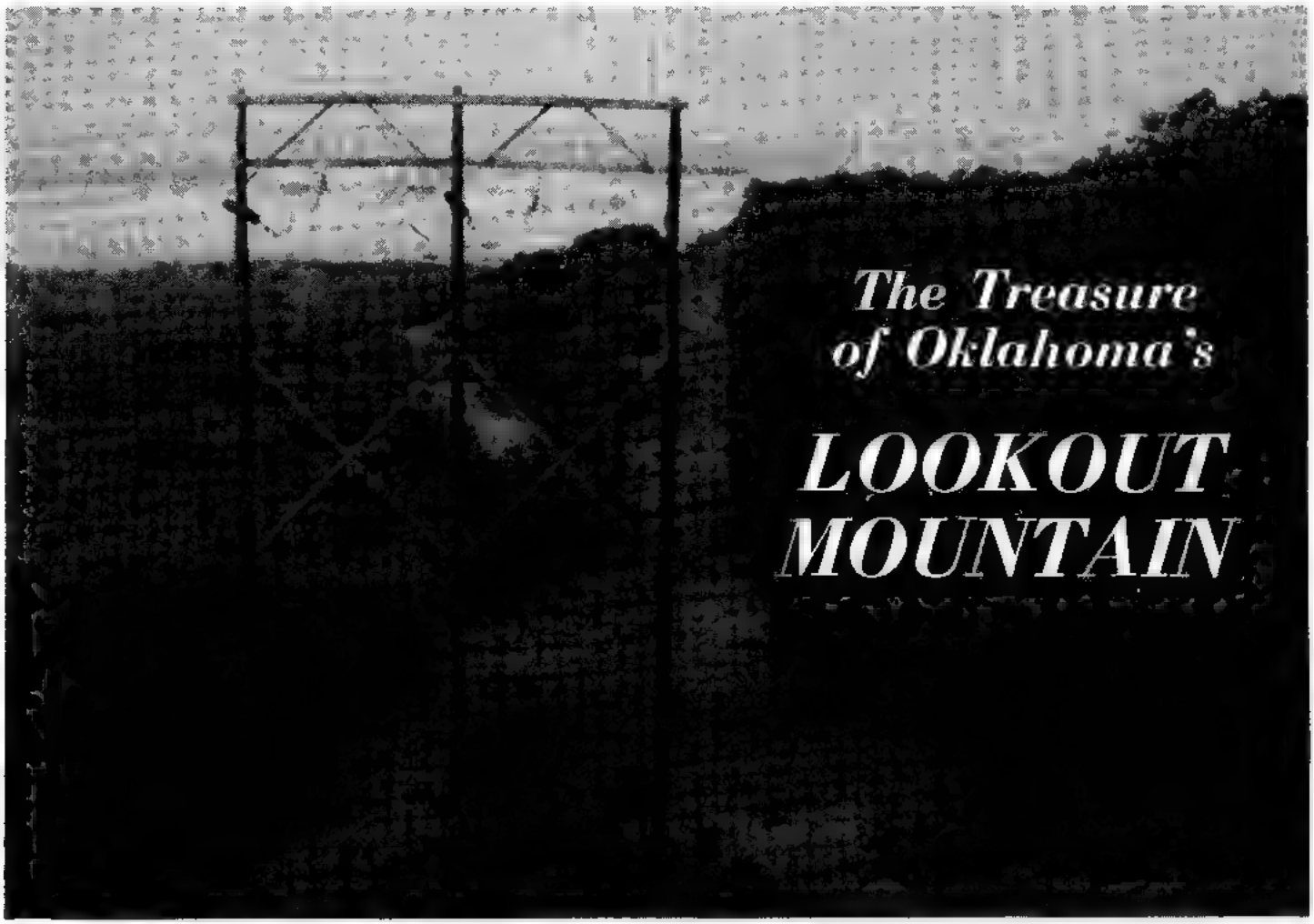
John had finally bought the John Hughes ranch by mail, and he now took his family back there to live.

As he did with every project in his life, John ranched with all his might. By freighting in supplies and transporting heavy mining equipment to the gold camps in the surrounding mountains, he supplemented his income enough to stock his ranch, first with shorthorn cattle and

(Continued on page 48)

Below, John Snook in his later years, at his ranch on the banks of Idaho's Lemhi River.





The Treasure of Oklahoma's LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

Above, the view from the east side of Lookout Mountain, with Tulsa just across the Arkansas River. An old stage road used to cross from right to left at the base of the hill. Coaches forded the river near the present-day 11th Street bridge.

Roy Vance missed finding it by one night, one slab of rock, and one little bruise on the shoulder!

By TOM VANCE
Photos Courtesy Author

"I REMEMBER that I woke up early that morning," Roy Vance said. "I hadn't slept much the night before, being kinda excited and all. Because of the strong signals I'd received in the hole on the hill, you might say that I was real eager to get back up there and dig up that gold."

Roy Vance (no relation to me) was reliving his first-hand knowledge of the Treasure of Lookout Mountain near Tulsa, Oklahoma. I had met Roy through my sister who insisted that the man had a fascinating story to tell. And, since I write about treasure hunting, I naturally was interested in what he had to say.

Roy is a 64-year-old Tulsa refinery worker who has dabbled in treasure hunting for most of his adult life. His father was a city marshal for the Red Fork community and, having grown up there, Roy knows the area and its people well.

The story of the treasure on Lookout Mountain came to Roy in an unusual manner. He said, "I seen a cotton-headed Indian get off a slow-moving freight train in Red Fork one day. It musta been about 1932 or 1933."

Roy paused to point in the direction of the railroad tracks that run along the north side of Red Fork. Historically, the town is best known as the site of the first Tulsa area oil well that started the boom in this part of Oklahoma in 1900.

Red Fork had been established as a cattle shipping center in 1886 by the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad. But as Tulsa began to grow, across the Arkansas River to the east, Red Fork's importance began to dwindle.

Roy continued with his account of the arrival of the Indian. He said, "After he got off the train, he spent some time walking just to get his directions straight. Seemed like he was trying to locate the right part of town. Finally, he ambled up toward the big hill they call Lookout Mountain behind our property and came over to where I was puttering around the yard.

"As you probably already know, most full-blood Indians don't have much to say unless they know you. This Indian musta recognized me as being part Indian, 'cause right away he says to me, 'I got a pocketful of money here I'll give you if you'll help me find a cave'."

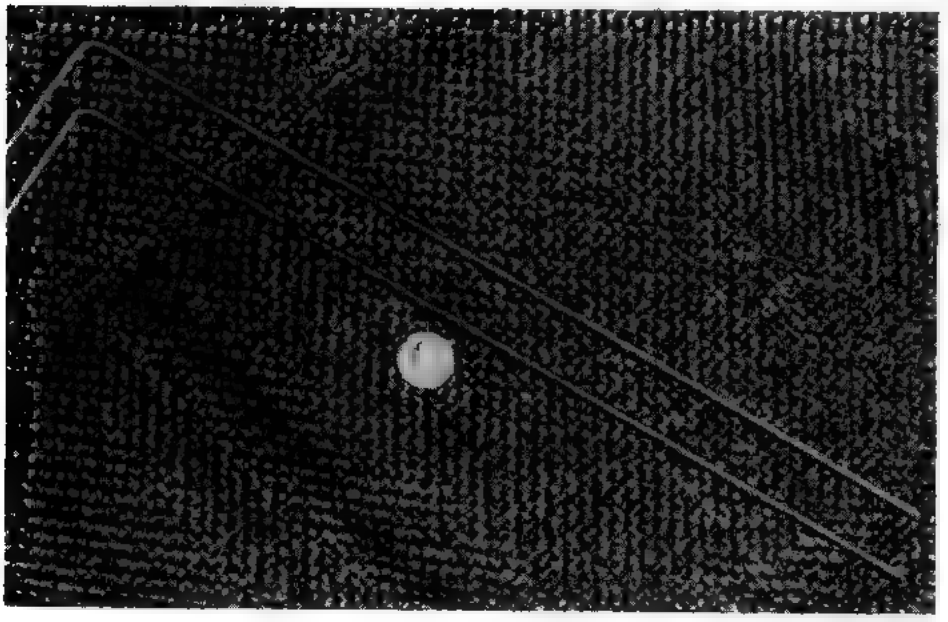
Roy held up his fingers to form a circle. "That old Indian took out a wad of paper money this big. And he said he'd give it to me if I'd help him locate this cave that he said had gold bars in it and was on the hill back of our house. Why, the smallest bill I saw in the wad of money he had was a twenty and there were lots of hundreds, too."

Looming up to the north, just behind Roy's neighborhood, Lookout Mountain dominates the area. Long an area landmark, it is now primarily known as the location of television station KTUL, an ABC affiliate. Because of the way it stands out against the surrounding countryside, the hill would make an excellent reference point. Persistent rumors link buried Spanish and outlaw treasure with the location.

"In the 1930s nobody had any money. Everybody was in the same boat. And you can imagine what my face musta looked like when that old Indian proposed to give me money to help him find that cave on the hill," Roy said.

"Why, I guess I'd have done most anything, short of breaking the law. Any-

Above, this is the spot where Roy Vance began to dig. He piled up rocks along the perimeter to make it look as if he were building a stock watering pond. Below, a set of brass welding rods made into dip needles by Roy Vance, similar to the ones he used to locate the Spanish gold bars on Lookout Mountain.



Below, the brass dip needles lie crossed over the exact spot where some fifteen bars were removed from the hole, six feet down.

way, when he was sure that I was interested, he sat down and began to draw up a map that showed the spot he was looking for.

"The old Indian told me a story about a cave that his great-grandfather had known of. Seems that an Indian raiding party, that included his great-granddad, wiped out a wagontrain and took some gold. They picked out Lookout Mountain and a cave on the east side for the hiding place. The Indians didn't get to enjoy the stuff for long, 'cause a cavalry troop came along shortly and a fight between the Indians and soldiers took place."

NUMEROUS QUESTIONS arose in my mind as Roy told me the story, but in general it was quite plausible. Certainly there were plenty of cavalry troops in Indian Territory in those days.

Roy continued, "When the Indian's great-grandfather saw that the soldiers might come out the winners, he got away from the troopers by pulling a pile of brush over him and lying still. A soldier cut the Indian's leg with his sword, but since he didn't holler, no one knew that he was under the brush pile."

After the soldiers had left the battle scene, the Indians covered up the gold by plugging shut the narrow cave entrance. Evidently the cave was small, since one had to "crawl like a snake" to get into the entrance, in the words of the man who was searching for it.

"As soon as the Indian had drawn me the map and told me his story, we commenced to look," Roy said. "Every day for a week, we combed the area on the east side of the hill. I knew that hill like the back of my own hand and I couldn't remember ever seeing a cave where he kept insisting it had been.

"Finally," Roy went on, "after looking for almost a full week, the Indian tells me that he has to go, but that he'd come back and we'd continue with our looking. Well, that's been a long time back that the Indian and me looked and, to my knowledge, he never did return."

The years passed, and Roy hung onto the Indian's treasure map of Lookout Mountain. Occasionally he'd get it out and look it over. In the meantime, Roy took up treasure hunting with dip needles and a metal detector.

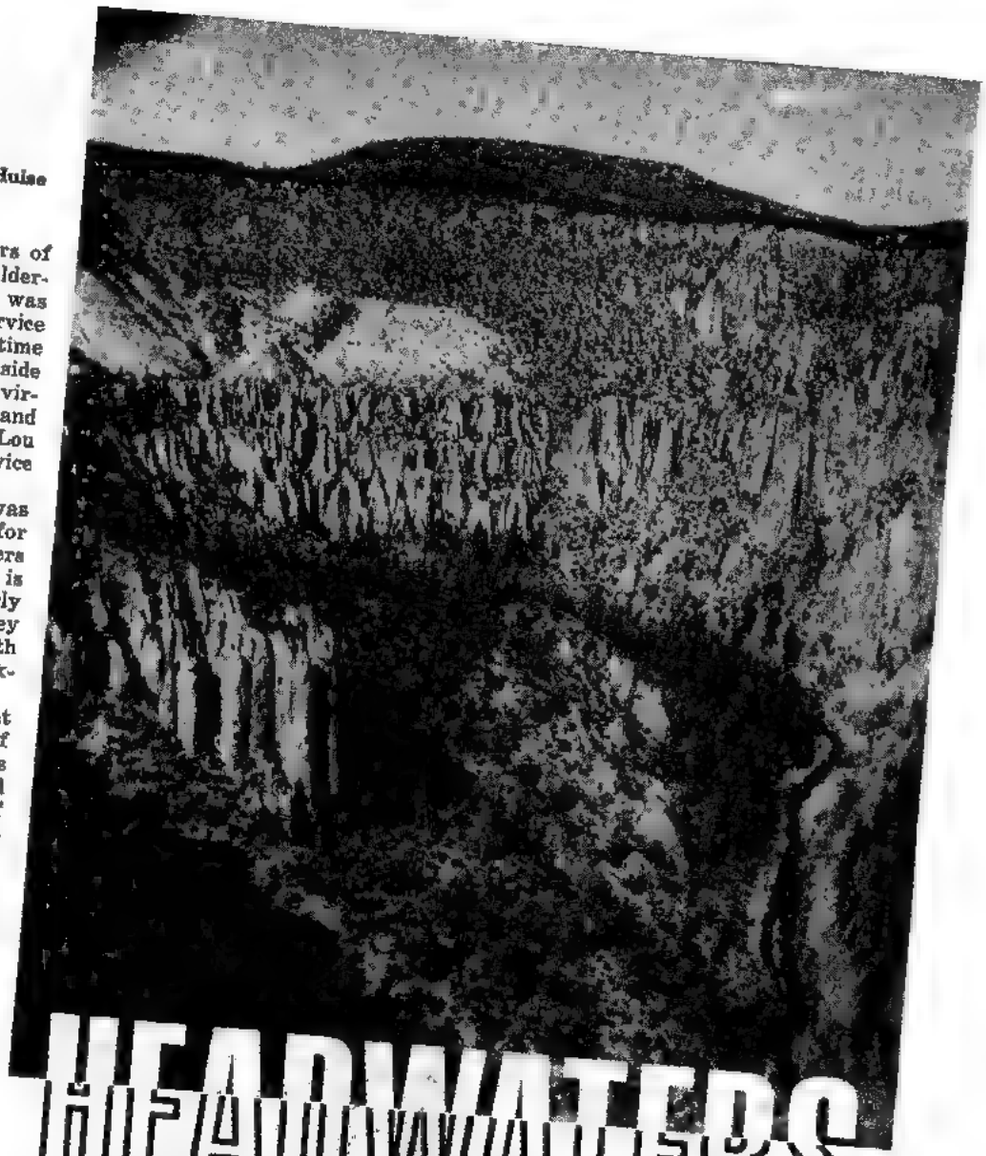
About a year ago he was on Lookout Mountain squirrel hunting. As in many times in the past, he paused to rest and consider the whereabouts of the treasure cave. Moving south about fifty yards, just below the rim of the hill, he stopped once more.

Looking east toward the bottom of the hill, he suddenly thought that everything fell into place with the Indian's map. He pulled out a piece of paper and checked the terrain against the larger features the Indian had included on the map. Roy felt instinctively that this was the right place to start looking again.

Later that day he returned with his dip needles to try them on the new search area. "The place I started to look at was a kind of depression, with some large rocks piled up on the downhill side. It looked like someone had blown the rocks up," Roy said. "I walked from

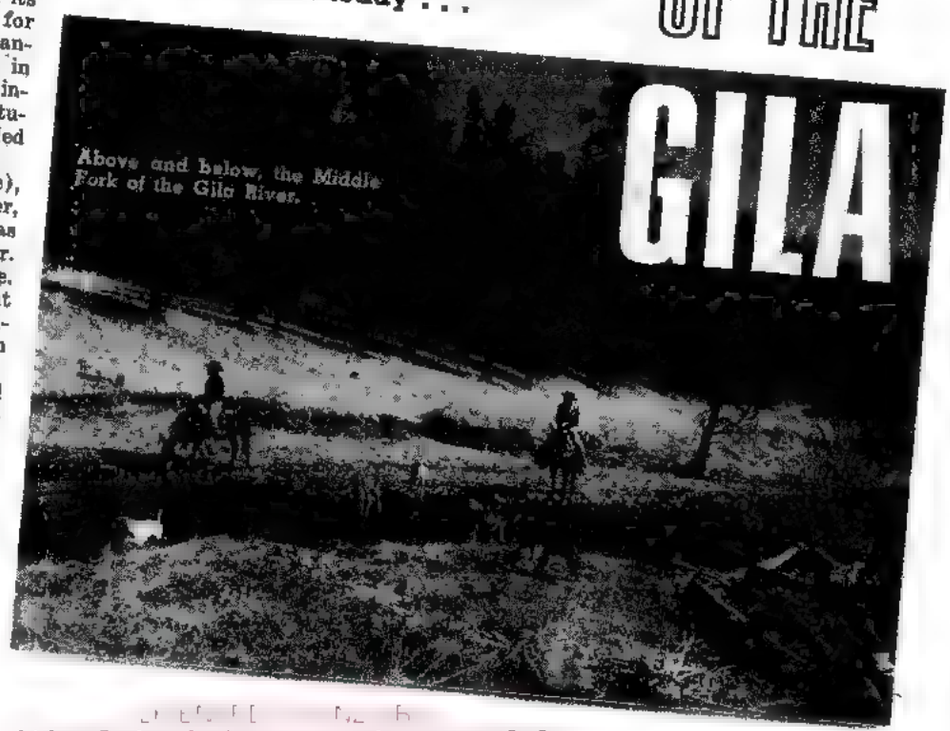
(Continued on page 60)

ELECTRONIC FREEDOM STILL PROHIBITED



HEADWATERS OF THE GILA

This is 20-miles-from-the-mailbox country even today . . .



Above and below, the Middle Fork of the Gila River.

By EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Mrs. Mattie Hulse

From Interviews with Mrs. Mattie Hulse

THE AREA around the headwaters of the Gila has always been a wilderness; it is still a wilderness, but it was not so designated by the Forest Service until fifty-one years ago. At that time the Department of Agriculture set aside three quarters of a million acres of virtually untouched National Forest and called it the Gila Wilderness. So says Lou Armijo of the National Forest Service in *Southwest Heritage.*

A hundred and fifty years ago it was unknown to the human race except for the fierce Apaches. When one considers its primitive, unspoiled condition, it is obvious that this area was peculiarly "right" for the Apaches and that they were fitting inhabitants of a land with unlimited wild life. Primarily they existed upon it.

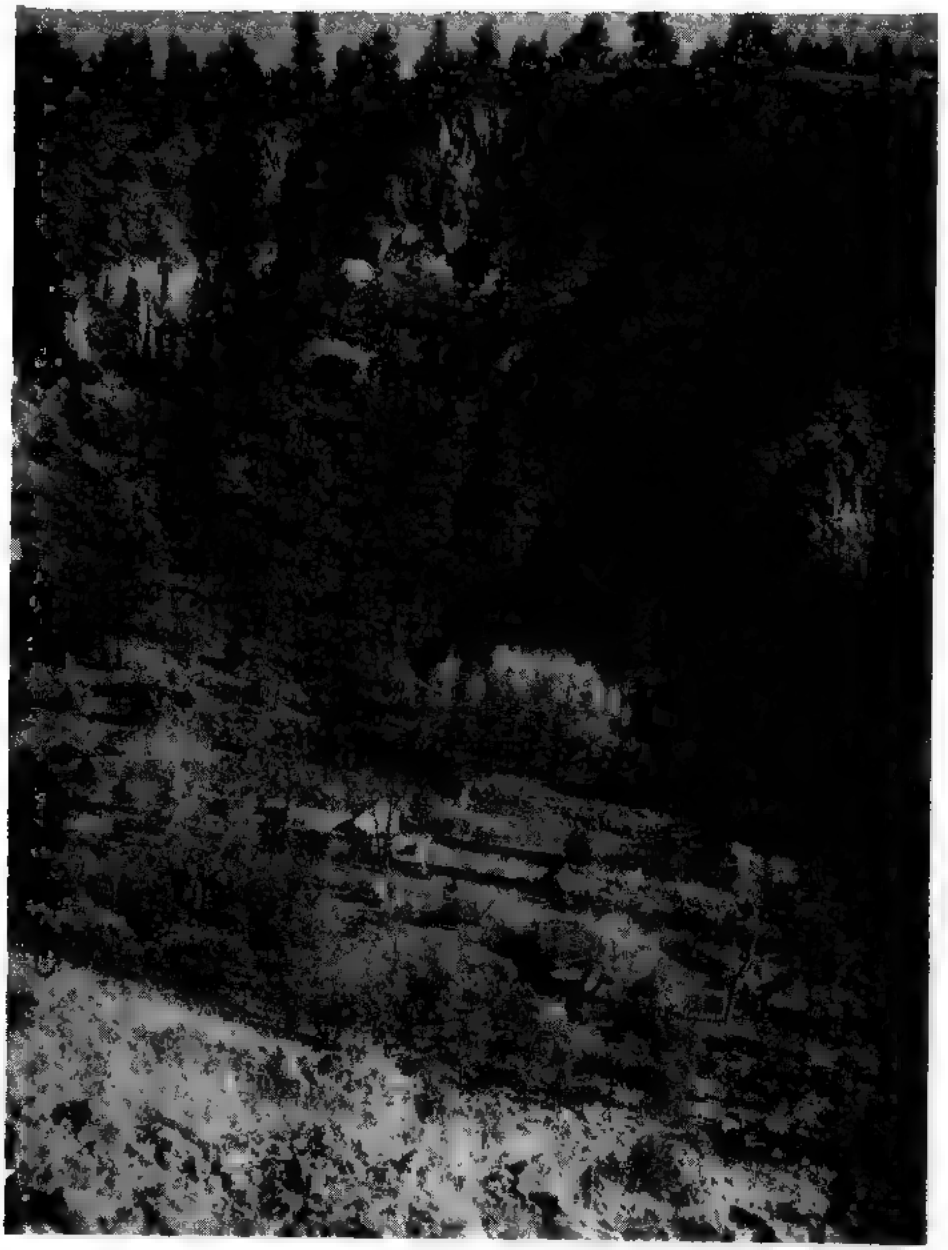
When Geronimo, a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma dictated the story of his life through Ace Daklugie, his nephew and interpreter, Geronimo said that he was born on the headwaters of the Gila. That expression has been interpreted by historians to mean the area around Clifton, Arizona. It does not. It refers to the Middle Fork of the Gila. And if Daklugie's description of the site of both Geronimo's and Juh's birthplace can be relied upon, one can pinpoint perhaps the very canyon in which the great leaders of the Apaches lived.

Not long ago I visited the Canyon Creek Ranch. It answers very well the description given it by the Apaches. From the depths of that canyon one can clearly trace the primitive Indian trails leading into it from either side. And its owner Mrs. Mattie Hulse, told me that the famous Sno-to-hay Canyon is only a day's ride horseback from her home.

New Mexico in indebted to the Forest Service for its foresight in recognizing and preserving the natural beauty of a magnificent wild forest, with ranges of mountains and occasional streams, in its pristine beauty. Now it is possible for people who live in deep and dingy canyons in cities to leave their coops in lofty buildings and see how it was intended that man should live. Unfortunately there is not much such unspoiled territory left.

Except for the wolf (not the coyote), the elk, the grizzly bear, and the otter, the wild life of this country is much as it was a century ago, according to Mr. Armijo. But the Apaches, too, are gone. They have not been penned in zoos, but are in reservations little more than concentration camps, separated forever from their natural environment.

Today old settlers in that region tell of trappers and hunters who were perhaps the first white men to see it, men such as Bear Moore, Jack Straw, and others whose experiences have been recorded. But there were many, they say, equally or more intrepid whose memories have not been preserved.



Above, the Hulse Ranch from the west side of Canyon Creek. Below, Quentin Hulse packing in a mountain lion.

HUNTERS and trappers were followed by prospectors who, with few exceptions except in the village of Mogollon, were poorly repaid for their searching. They in turn gave way to the rancher, and primarily he was a sheep rancher. Among some of the most prominent in that field were Solomon Luna, for whom Luna County is named, and his nephew Ed Otero. At one time Mr. Luna was said to be the single largest owner of sheep in New Mexico.

Simultaneously, or perhaps a little later, ranchers began bringing in cattle to feed on the lush grass of the mountain meadows and along the streams. And, contrary to the usual result, the two had little differences. All either needed was to find and homestead a small piece of land, perhaps a quarter-section on which was located an inexhaustible source of water. By leasing grazing land surrounding it from the National Forest, a man was well equipped for ranching without greater expenditures for land. Of course, many did buy adjoining range; for they could use a great deal without the necessity of purchasing it. Consequently some of the ranches were enormous. I'm thinking of one on which the mailbox is twenty miles from the house.

By far the greater number of these ranchers, some of whom did a little farming, were honest and dependable citizens. But there were a few exceptions. Proverbially, the evil that men do lives after them. There is less concern with the normal and decent. Mr. Armijo cites several names that have gone down in history largely because of murders, allegedly precipitated by rustling or revenge. William and Tom Grudgins were shot down by Thomas J. Wood whose son they had killed. Mr. Armijo recalls, too, that on the edge of the wilderness a Mr. and Mrs. Antrim lived. He was a blacksmith; Mrs. Antrim was the mother of Billy the Kid. He tells, too, of Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch's having lived at times in the area and being known as "hard-working cowboys."

Undoubtedly the Gila country got some refugees on the dodge. For nobody asked a man's name or where he was from, any more than today they would dare ask a rancher how many cattle he runs.

OF THE MANY tales told by old-timers when they congregate before Mattie Hulse's fireplace is that of the Jenks brothers who came to the village of Mogollon before the turn of the century. I am sure that everybody present except me knew the details of their story, but to get much of the background I had to resort to books. I found much information in *Early Days in the Mogollon* by M. A. Hoover. It may be recalled that if Hoover did not make The Bloated Goat immortal he at least recorded its story. And so did he record the Jenks brothers. I am indebted, too, to Ted Raynor, *Old Times*, and to James Giles, *Mogollon, the Ghost Town That Refused To Die*, from all of whom I quote.

There were three of the Jenks brothers: Billy, Ralph, and Roy. They came to Mogollon about 1890, and lived there for some time before settling on ranches a

(Continued on page 60)

ON THE ROAD WITH THE K of C RODEO

One year the Denver Knights of Columbus decided to change the old saying: "Go ~~West~~ East, young man, go ~~West~~ East —but Greeley had been right all along!

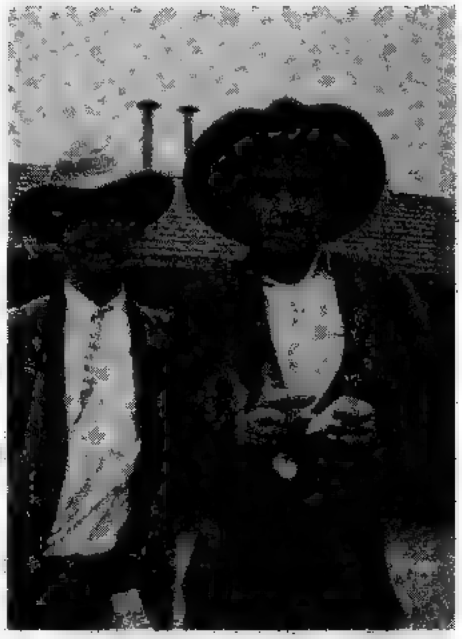
By BILL KING
Photos Courtesy Author

ONE of the largest traveling rodeos to ever go on the road was being assembled from various parts of the country in Overland Park in Denver, Colorado. It consisted of about one hundred and fifty Cowboys and Cowgirls, a Cowboy Band, various kinds of performance horses and two or three hundred head of bucking horses, roping, riding and bulldogging cattle—nothing was lacking! We had a fourteen-car special train; about three passenger cars, and the balance Armour Palace stock cars. The stock cars had a large compartment in each end and the doorway had room for three horses to ride comfortably, Soon we were loaded and on our way East. May 1924 and excitement filled the air!

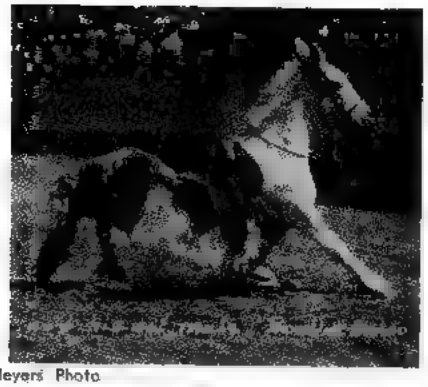
Tommy Douglas, a rodeo clown, had managed to hitch a ride for himself, his little mule, and a trunk, in a carload of performance horses from California. Tommy had a clowning job lined up near Omaha someplace and was needing transportation pretty bad. As he neared his destination, Tommy slipped his mule, trunk and self into one of the doorways, thinking the train would have to stop in a place like Omaha. But the train just slowed down to ten or fifteen miles per hour, never stopping.

Several of us fellows knew Tommy was on the train so we were watching out the windows. When the train started picking up speed we saw his trunk go out the door, then this mule's head appeared but Tommy was about two blocks getting him shoved off. We were moving pretty good and Tommy bit the dust when he bailed out. By the time we got out of sight, though, Tommy had gathered his mule and was riding him back to his trunk. That was the last time I ever saw Tommy Douglas.

Sometime during the night we had picked up two more cars in Nebraska. One car was carrying Sioux Indians and the other was carrying their ponies and tepees. The next morning we decided we ought to go back and welcome these Indian friends to our outfit. A whole bunch of us went back into the Indians' car.



At left, Soapy Williams on "Fire Fly," taken at Colorado Springs in 1923. Below, author Bill King doing his thing!



Meyers Photo

Above, the caption reads: Ed Wright and his 25-cent mule, Rawlins Rodeo, '24. At left, Bill King (left) and Tuffy Ferris, taken at Newark, New Jersey in 1924. Below, Thelma Hunt on "Lizard," K of C Rodeo, 1924. Cliff King on "Prince," a pickup horse, in background.

Some of the younger bucks could speak English. They were from the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota.

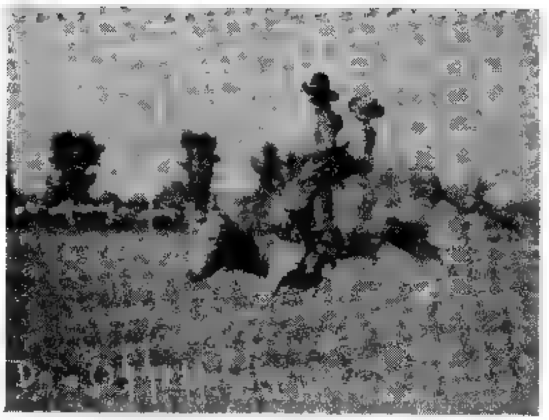
When we had our visit over and got back to our seats, it wasn't long until we discovered that their horses weren't the only animals that the Indians had brought from the reservation. I'll tell you something, on a train isn't the best place to find out that you are just lousy as hell. The first place the train stopped where we could find a drug store, that store did a land-office business.

OUR RODEO was to open in Providence, Rhode Island the 19th of May. We unloaded and fed the stock at a feed station close to Chicago and again in Buffalo, New York. Sammy Garrett was the Promoter and Arena Director.

The rodeo was being sponsored by the Knights of Columbus of Denver, their idea being that if we could get back East with a good show, and show in two or three cities, the K of C in other places would sponsor us into their cities and the rodeo could be a financial success for everyone concerned.

Tex Sherman, who had a column in *Billboard Magazine*, was advance man. And Helen Silver, a classy looking gal with a wonderful Western wardrobe, and another fellow were also working on the advance work for the show in Providence. Slim Allen was the Train Boss. Our train had big banners all along the sides if it with the words, "K of C U.S. Championship Rodeo."

When we pulled into Providence the train slowed down to five or six miles an hour. The show had been well advertised so lots of people, especially kids, just took right in after the train like it was the Pied Piper. When we got to where we were going to unload the stock on a vacant lot, we had three or four hundred more people than we needed. Some of us got our saddle horses off first and got ready to try and hold the rough stock up until we could get all the stock off the train.



Above, young Bill King rides in the "back seat." Taken in 1917 at Garden City, Kansas.

One ole Brahma steer decided there were too many people there for him, and took off up an alley with me right after him. He had run about three blocks up this alley when some dogs spooked him into a backyard. Up through the backyards we went, stringing clotheslines and garden fences every which way. Women were screaming, laughing and cussing while the dogs barked. There was no way I could get ahead of that steer; I was doing good just to keep in sight of him. Finally a couple of the boys who had seen me leave, got in the lead of him and we got him back okay.

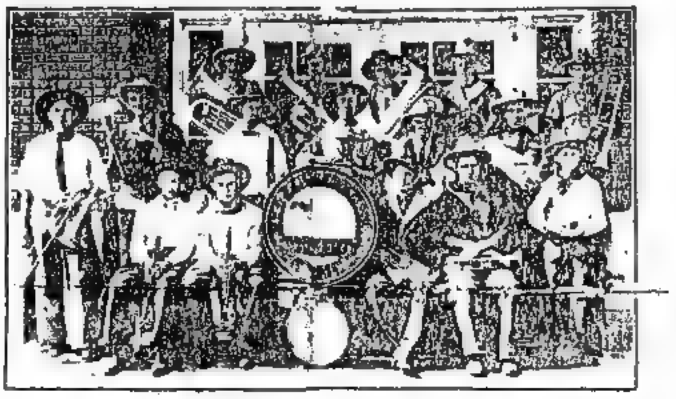
We were showing at the old Narragansett Speedway in Providence. It must have been a mile race track. We fenced off an arena in one end of it, using all the concrete turn to set the bleachers on. A big top about one hundred yards long was where we kept all the saddle horses. One morning several of us were sitting around in this tent on some bales of hay when a big gust of wind raised the top of the tent enough for one of the quarter

Below, Bill King (left) and Tuffy Ferris. In background is a bucking horse called "Rodeo" that belonged to Frank Hafley. Taken at Dreamland Park in Newark, New Jersey.

Below, Mary King at the wheel of a slick 1925 Buick touring car. Notice the windshield for the back seat passengers.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM

Providence, R. I. - Monday, May 19, 1924



EVENT No. 1—Concert by United States Champion Cowboy Band.
W. D. HOWARD, Director

EVENT No. 2—Grand Entry of All Contestants Taking Part.

EVENT No. 3—Cowboys Fancy and Trick Roping Exhibition, by—
Sam J. Garrett, Denver, Col.; Bob Calen, Ft. Worth, Texas;
John Judd, Hollywood, Cal.; Buff Jones, Cheyenne, Wyo.;
Little Joe Hetze, Ridgeway, Col.

EVENT No. 4—Bareback Riding of Wild Steers and Horses with Rope—
Al. J. Garrett, Jimmie Shannon, Harry Vandergrift
Dutch Foster, Lou Peterson, Roy Mayes, Tuffy Ferris
Ed Wright

EVENT No. 5—Genuine Sioux Indian Buck Race, One-eighth Mile—

Yellow Hand	Sitting Bull
Flying Hawk	White Horse

EVENT No. 6—Maymie Francis, World's Greatest Rifle Shot.

EVENT No. 7—Cowboys Bronco Busting Contest with Saddle—
Roy Mayes on Hair Trigger, Joe Hunt on Deer Trail
Dutch Foster on Oshkosh Bill, Cliff King on Creole
Ed Wright on Hard Luck, Tuffy Ferris on Hesitation
Lee Sepulveda on Light Foot, Dave Flying Hawk on King Tut
Joe Hunt on Made in Germany, Bill Wilkenson on I Be Dam
Norman Cowan on Side Swipe

EVENT No. 8—Cowgirls Mile and Half Relay Race, Using 3 Horses—
Bonnie Gray Lorena Trickey Donna Glover

EVENT No. 9—Indian War Dances and Pastimes on Reservation.

EVENT No. 10—Cowgirls Bronco Busting Exhibition—
Jessie Roberts Rene Hafley Thelma Hunt

EVENT No. 11—Cowboys Roman Standing Race, Half-mile, 4 Teams—

Harry Walters	Jimmie Taylor
Ray Shelton	Murph Palmer

EVENT No. 12—Cowboys Calf Roping and Tying Contest—

Louis Shangreau	Roy Mayes
Bill King	Bob Calen
Lem Carmen	Buddy Sterling
Scout Maish	Jack Brown
Buff Brady	Bill Wilkenson
Johnny Kingham	Norman Cowan

EVENT No. 13—Cowgirls Half Mile Running Race—

Lorena Trickey	Donna Glover
Bonnie Gray	Opal Wood

EVENT No. 14—Cowboys Wild Steer Wrestling Contest—

Al. J. Garrett Steer No. 10	Jimmy Shannon Steer No. 1
Lou Peterson Steer No. 21	Roy Mayes Steer No. 20
Johnny Roberts Steer No. 17	Ed Wright Steer No. 3
Buddy Sterling Steer No. 4	Jack Brown Steer No. 13
Lee Sepulveda Steer No. 5	Smokey Moore Steer No. 8
Bill Wilkenson Steer No. 100	Norman Cowan Steer No. 200

EVENT No. 15—Cowboys Relay Race, One and One-Half Miles—
Jimmie Taylor Murph Palmer Ray Shelton

EVENT No. 16—Genuine Indian Squaw Race—
Red Feather Standing Bear Hiawatha Mohawk

EVENT No. 17—Ed Wright & Joe Hetzer Wild Steer Cart Comedy.

EVENT No. 18—Cowboys and Cowgirls Fancy Riding Exhibition—
Sam J. Garrett, Denver, Col.; Bob Calen, Ft. Worth, Texas; Harry Walters, Prineville, Ore.; Hank Potts, Edendale, Cal.; Buff Brady, Los Angeles, Cal.; Lorena Trickey, Prineville, Ore.; Bonnie Gray, Burbank, Cal.; Rene Raffey, Ridgeway, Col.; Tad Barnes, Ft. Smith, Arkansas.

poles to come loose. The pole fell full length right across Ike Rude's head and knocked him out cold. He was rushed to the hospital and was lucky to come out with a slight concussion. We sure thought it was curtains for him.

I guess the funniest thing I ever saw in my sixty-years association with rodeos happened at our opening show in Providence. My brother Cliff was furnishing part of the bucking horses. He had bought some new horses that spring. One of them was a big bay bronkie horse that had been tried out from a snub horse but had never been out of a chute. We knew he was a sure-enough prospect for a top horse. About that time there was a lot in the papers about King Tut (his tomb had just been found), so we called this horse King Tut.

Among the Indians were three bronk riders: Pete Merrivel, Louis Shangreau, and a younger one whose name was Dave Flying Hawk. Flying Hawk had drawn King Tut in the saddle bronk riding.

Flying Hawk also was one of the Indian Dance Team. As quite often happened at first performances, the program got kinda messed up, so the bronk riding wound up being right after the Indian dancing. As soon as the tom-toms quit beating, the arena director started calling for Flying Hawk.

King Tut was the first horse in the chutes. Well, the Indian was just as scared as the horse was, as it was the first trip to the city for both of them. Here comes the Indian on the run—he borrowed a pair of boots and spurs from one of the other bronk riders—and he went up over the top of the chutes and eased down on King Tut, fringe clothes, feathers, bells and all. When they opened the gate and those bells started ringing and the feathers went to flopping, that horse went crazy. The kid rode King Tut for about six jumps before he sailed into the air. When Flying Hawk started in for his forced landing it looked like someone had shot a wild turkey with a double barreled shotgun. The crowd got absolutely hysterical. I guess if the kid's name had been Kelly or Smith it wouldn't have been quite so funny.

The crowd thought it was an act of its own, and for several days asked when it would be repeated. However, Mother Flying Hawk's little brave stuck to his dancing after that; he never came to the bucking chutes again.

WHEN it wasn't raining we showed to good crowds in Providence. Everything went smooth and we made money. Lloyd Coleman, our advance man, booked us into Newark, New Jersey and Brooklyn, New York after Providence. We showed at the old Dreamland Amusement Park in Newark.

California Frank's wife, Miss Mayme Francis, had a rifle shooting act. She shot clay pigeons from horseback while someone threw them in the air from atop another horse. These horses were both white as snow. One of her horses was a well trained high school horse. Later in the show she would put the horse through his acts—all sorts of cake walks,

(Continued on page 48)

A Ride into the Third Decade —By the Old Bookaroos

Photos Courtesy David Dary

Above, the organizational meeting of the Old Bookaroos in the library of J. C. "Jeff" Dykes' home at College Park, Maryland, January 8, 1955. Left to right: J. C. Dykes, B. W. "Bill" Allred, and F. G. "Fred" Renner. Below, the new headquarters for the Old Bookaroos in Lawrence, Kansas. Here David Dary receives reviews from the other members of the team, adds in his own, and prepares the monthly column which reaches more than 300,000 persons a month.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO this year the Old Bookaroos' "Western Book Roundup" made its first appearance in this magazine. Today the Old Bookaroos' reviews appear in nine publications with a readership of more than 300,000 each month. Their "Western Book Roundup" is perhaps the oldest continuous book review column in America devoted exclusively to Western titles.

Now, after two decades of reviewing and reporting on several thousand books concerned with the American West, perhaps it's time to tell our long-time readers—maybe a little curious by now—how it all began.

"Western Book Roundup" did not originate in the West. It was born on a cold night in early January 1955 not too many miles from the Capitol in Washington, D. C. Its birthplace was in the comfortable home of Jeff and Martha Dykes at College Park, Maryland.

Three men, all natives of the West and with much in common, formed a partnership to produce a monthly book-review column. J. C. "Jeff" Dykes, F. G. "Fred" Renner, and B. W. "Bill" Allred each plunked down $50. With a total capital of $150, a wealth of experience on Western subjects, plus a sincere desire to provide a service not then available, the Old Bookaroos, as they called themselves, began rounding up Western books, a roundup that continues today.

Although Easterners by residence, the original Bookaroos were dyed-in-the-wool Westerners; Dykes a Texan, Renner born and raised in Montana, and Allred in Utah. And before they found themselves together in Washington, working for Uncle Sam's Soil Conservation Service in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, they had among them lived and worked in all of the seventeen Western states. They truly knew the West.

The idea of the Bookaroos, as recalled by Jeff Dykes, "was the outgrowth of several discussions among us three collectors. Fred Renner collected primarily Charlie Russell material. Bill Allred collected range and livestock material and, because he was Mormon, he collected Mormon items. Bill also had quite an interest in the American Indian. And by the middle 1950s I'd widened my collecting activities to where it was almost anything about the country west of the Mississippi."

Since each man had one or more areas of expertise on Western subjects, together their knowledge provided a wealth of insight into the books and pamphlets they would assess for the public.

"The three of us kicked the idea around," recalled Dykes. "We all knew that the only place Western book collectors could read reviews of Western books was in the professional history magazines where history professors reviewed them. But historically those reviews were not published for eighteen months or

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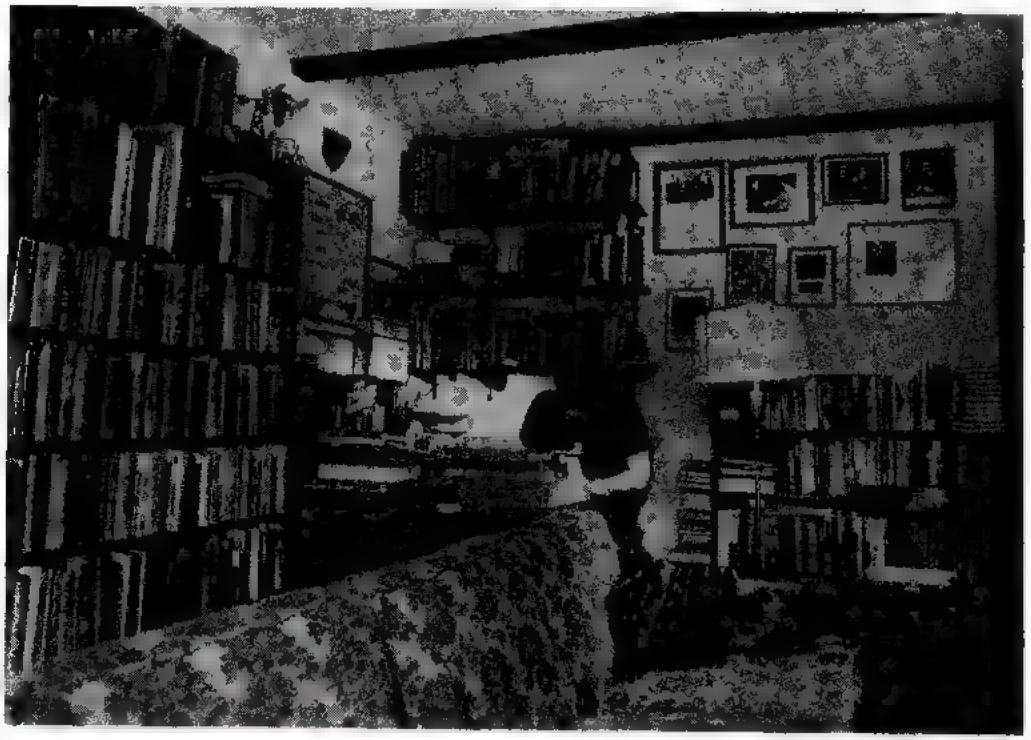


JIM LEVY: TOP-NOTCH

WHO was the greatest gunfighter of them all? Actually such speculation is largely pointless. Gunmen were individuals with traits and qualities as different as prize fighters or race horses, and must be equated the same way.

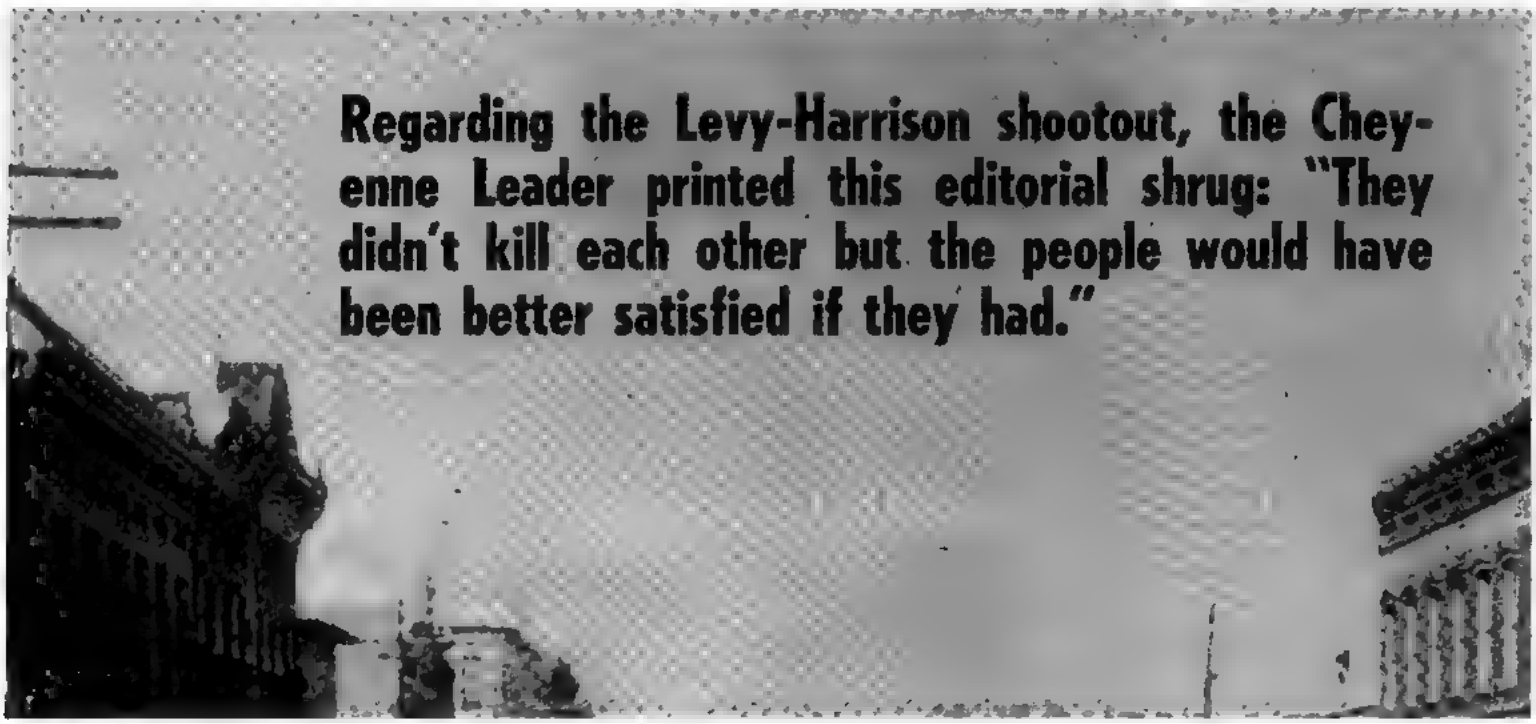
When Frank Wilstach was gathering material for his biography of Wild Bill Hickok, one of the most noted gunfighters of all, he wrote to Doc Peirce, an old-timer who still lived in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Born in Pennsylvania in 1846, Ellis Peirce had joined the gold rush and arrived in the mining town of Custer in March 1876. Later he moved on to Deadwood where he had known Wild Bill and other colorful characters. It was Peirce who prepared Hickok's body for burial after his murder that summer.

In his later days Peirce acquired the reputation of being a good story-teller, and when Wilstach wrote him in the mid-1920s he was glad to respond. He gave Wilstach much valuable information on early Deadwood days, as well as citing some of the hard-cases and gunfighters who frequented the town. After noting a succession of early characters, Peirce made one remark which has piqued my interest for many years.

"There was laughing Sam, another gunman," wrote Peirce, "and Jim Levy, the top-notcher of them all except Wild Bill. Jim was killed down in New Mexico by Milligan, whose claim Jim had jumped."

Jim Levy! Who was this Levy and how could someone be regarded as one of the top-notch gunmen of the old Deadwood days and be so little known today? To those interested in the subject of gun-

Courtesy Wyoming State Historical Department


Regarding the Levy-Harrison shootout, the Cheyenne Leader printed this editorial shrug: "They didn't kill each other but the people would have been better satisfied if they had."

GUNFIGHTER

By WILLIAM B. SECREST
Photos Courtesy Author

fighters the name will be familiar. Didn't a Jim Levy have a street duel with Charlie Harrison in old Cheyenne? The fight is an oft-cited example of the calm and deliberate gunman who took his time and out-gunned a faster, though not as careful, opponent. Both Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson cited this incident as one of the classic encounters of the Old West.

This Jim Levy was the same man cited by Peirce as being second only to Wild Bill, so he must had had a fearsome record indeed. Yet few writers have bothered to look into his past. Perhaps

Above, a couple of Deadwood gamblers who were around when Jim Levy was there. The taller of the two is "Stretchy" McLean; his companion is unidentified. At left, Cheyenne, Wyoming was beginning to take on the airs of a first-class city when the Levy-Harrison duel took place.

the answer is that Peirce was remembering the Cheyenne duel which was widely heralded at the time; and Bat Masterson remembered the same incident in writing his 1907 articles on frontier days. This one shoot-out seems to be the main basis for Levy's reputation. He has become a "top-notcher" by default.

JAMES H. LEVY was of Jewish extraction, born in Ireland about 1842. A reasonable guess would be that he was brought to this country by his parents during the great potato famine of mid-century. Nearly one million people died in Ireland between 1846 and 1851 while, in the decade following, more than 1,500,000 left the Emerald Isle—many to emigrate to America.

In 1871 Jim Levy was working as a miner in Pioche, Nevada. A man who claimed to know him there wrote that he was a "quiet man and a good miner and worked every day."

Pioche was the center of a big mining excitement at that time. The first locations had been made about 1868 and at this time the town was crowded. Some of the mines were fabulously wealthy, the Raymond and Ely paying $18,000,000 in dividends with others doing almost as well. Naturally there was a great deal of claim jumping and resulting litigation.

When two toughs, Mike Casey and Thomas Gossan, quarreled over money in a bank one day, they quickly stepped into the street and shot it out. Casey was the more accurate, or the faster. Before he died the next day Gossan bequeathed his wealth to friends, with the exception of $5,000. This tidy little sum was to go to whoever would kill Mike Casey.

The town took up sides in the matter. Jim Levy maintained Casey had fired first and he and Casey quarreled one night. Jim headed home to obtain his pistol and in the resulting fracas managed to kill Casey in front of Freudenthal's store. During the fight Jim took a bullet through the jaw from one of Casey's friends.

It was a toss-up whether Casey's death resulted from a bullet wound or a beating over the head with Jim's pistol. In any case Levy was acquitted in a court hearing of the case. This was in May 1871, and apparently Levy's first killing, for an acquaintance noted that "he was himself no longer." Perhaps that meant he had accepted blood money.

In the next few years Levy had several encounters with friends of Casey, but somehow always came out on top. There are few details known of Jim's various scraps, but one man recalled

Below, a newspaper account of Jim Levy's death which appeared in the *Arizona Daily Star*, June 4, 1882.

THE DEADLY PISTOL.

James Levy Shot and Instantly Killed.

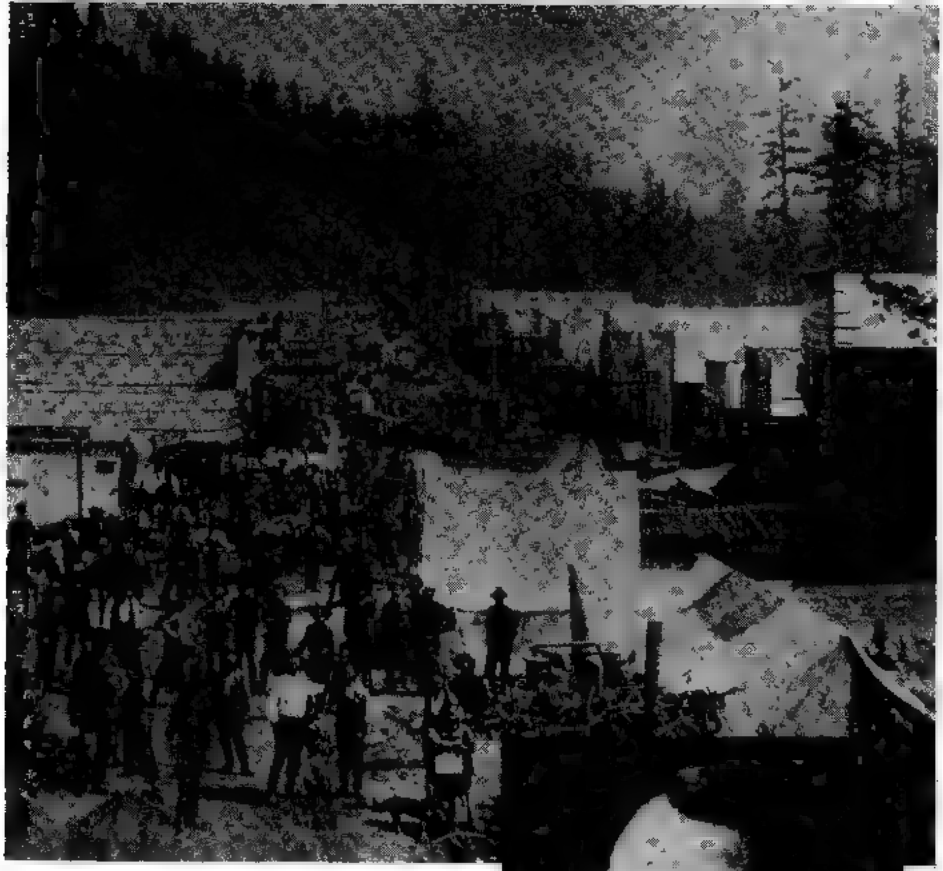
The Unfortunate Ending of a Quarrel.

The Facts as Gathered by a Star Reporter.

Yesterday afternoon a dispute occurred between John Murphy and James Levy over a game of faro, both being gamblers. During the evening the quarrel was renewed and a great deal of excitement was occasioned on the street by the reported arrangement of a duel between the two, over the border. It seems that Levy, after receiving an extraordinary amount of abuse from Murphy, suggested that if he was going beyond the line this morning they could probably meet there and

[illegible]

Levy was, during the conversation, perfectly cool and self-minded, while Murphy was exceedingly irate and threatened all manner of things. The matter was finally arranged by the parties in the affair putting up $30 for a wagon to carry them beyond the American boundaries. Between 9 and 10 o'clock last evening on the



Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

Above, Deadwood, South Dakota as it looked in 1876. At right, Ellis T. "Doc" Peirce, a Black Hills pioneer. It was Peirce who first referred to Jim Levy as the "top-notcher of them all, except Wild Bill." A jack-of-all-trades, Peirce had a barber shop in Deadwood that summer of 1876, and he also claimed to have prepared the body of Wild Bill for burial after his assassination. Below, Jim Levy was shot to death in front of the Palace Hotel, shown here as it looked about 1880.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

seeing Levy chase someone with a pitchfork during a dispute in the White Pine mining district. Early in 1873 there is record of another scrap in which Jim figured, but again details are few.

IN MOST of the big mining camps there was constant trouble over ownership, possession, trespassing, and rights. Adjacent mines frequently tunneled into a neighboring property, either by design or error. This resulted in much courtroom squabbling—and often gunplay. The better paying mines often had squads of gunmen on the payroll as guards, and a Leadville mine owner once complained that he spent more time in court than he did in his mine.

An article in the Pioche *Daily Record* in January 1873 is a good example of just such a disturbance: "ARREST OF LEVY—The circumstances of the underground fight between the forces of Raymond & Ely and those of the Pioche Phoenix are still fresh in the public mind. It will be remembered that Thomas Ryan, one of the Phoenix men, was killed in the difficulty between the two companies, but the shot by which Ryan was killed could not be charged upon any particular person. Suspicion, however, pointed to James Levy as the party who fired the shot which killed Ryan.

"Levy was not seen here after the difficulty, but hearing that he was at Hamilton he was sent for and brought to this place. He now remains in custody while the Grand Jury investigates the affair. There is no surmising what the verdict will be."

Whether Levy was working as a miner or guard isn't known. Neither is it known whether Ryan was a friend of Casey's who had tried to even that old score. Levy had a second killing on his record, nevertheless.

Apprehended on the road between Pioche and Hamilton, Levy was returned to town where it was discovered his feet were badly frozen. By the end of the month he was removed from jail to the county hospital.

Perhaps it was at this time that Levy felt Pioche was closing in on him. Again, details of his movements are not clear, but he seems to have moved west to Virginia City sometime between 1873 and '75. He had probably given up mining by this time and was gambling for a living. In 1876 he joined the gold rush for the Black Hills.

In describing old Deadwood, Doc Peirce wrote that "whenever a gunman came to the gulch the word was passed along as quickly as it would be at a ladies sewing society." One wonders if such was the case when Levy arrived. Certainly Peirce was in a position to pick up all the town's gossip. In addition to being an amateur medic and undertaker, he was a barber by trade. Just how long Levy remained in the Hills isn't clear. He doesn't seem to have originated any trouble while there.

Sometime after the first of the year Levy turned up in Cheyenne, still gambling for a living, and on the verge of his most famous confrontation.

(Continued on page 56)

The BUNDY AVANT STORY

By BUNDY AVANT
as told to
ARTHUR CLEMENTS
Photos Courtesy Author

CONCLUSION

(Part I available at $1 from our Circulation Department, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.)

WHEN we first moved to our place on the Ruidoso in New Mexico, I was not yet old enough to go with the wagons working cattle, but I found a lot to do even then. Father was gone most of the time on Ranger business. The job paid $140 dollars per month, about equal to a thousand now.

I remember that one time I went out for the horses and found a nice young cow tied down. I knew that someone was intending to come back and kill her for beef. I rushed home and told my father who happened to be at home for a few days. He went back with me and stationed himself in the bed of a deep wash nearby. It wasn't long before three men that he knew well, came with a wagon prepared to butcher the cow.

Father raised up from our hiding place and told the men to put their hands up, that they were under arrest. The bullets went to flying but as we had the protection of the canyon bank, the men soon saw it was the better part of valor to surrender.

One way to find out who was rustling beef was to talk to the merchants who ran butcher shops along with their grocery businesses. If a man was in the habit of bringing in the hind-quarters of a beef pretty often it was almost certain that he was stealing the beef. It was then a simple matter to keep a watch on the party and catch him in the act. In spite of this, though, it was not possible to keep all the stealing down. There were only twelve Rangers for the whole state. Father knew that some of our own stock were being butchered or driven off.

There were other misfortunes, too. I remember one time when I rode up to the V corrals where some of our cattle watered. The corrals were on the mountains above where we lived and adjoining the Indian reservation. It was about ten o'clock in the morning on a hot June day. I had always seen the cattle come in to water and lie around in the shade until two or three o'clock before going out to graze. On this occasion they came in looking from side to side like they were scared. They would hurry to the water and drink, then leave right out again. I wondered what was causing them to act that way. That evening about two or three o'clock it came one of the worst hail storms in memory of the oldest settlers. We found 140 calves that the hail had killed.

Father was becoming more dissatisfied all the time with the location where we were running our cattle. The Forest Service was making more demands which would seem mild today but to him they were annoying. At first they had only asked how many head a man was running on the forest. Then they began demanding that the cattle be rounded up and counted. This in itself would not have been too bad if a man could have had some say about when it was to take place. And they even began to tell a man where to put his salt.

Father thought that the fact that Fort Stanton bought a large amount of beef was one of the main reasons for so much rustling. As a Ranger he was always in the thick of it, trying to stop the stealing. With the range unfenced, the forest was full of cattle from every ranch around. Father could be hard as nails, but he could be compassionate, too. I remember two times when he found a fresh brand on a calf following a cow of another brand. He had a state brand book so he knew every registered brand in the state.

Comeuppance, like measles and mumps, is easier if you get it over with early in life . . .

Bundy Avant

In both cases he knew that the fresh brands belonged to the young sons of prominent ranchers. The boys were taking short cuts to getting their own herds established. Father went to the fathers of the boys and told them what he knew. After he convinced the men that he had proof of their sons' guilt, he offered a way out. If the boys would go to the legal owners of the stolen calves, make a liberal offer to buy, range delivery, to avoid the roundup and counting, thus avoiding detection of their offense, he would not press charges. "But," he told them, "if the matter comes to court, I'll have to tell what I know."

In both cases the boys promptly bought the cattle at a fair price and the matter ended there. The rightful owners were old people who did not do much riding anymore and the boys figured that if the calves were not found right away, they would soon be weaned and there would be no way to prove they had been stolen.

Soon after this my father went to Hillsboro and bought seven sections of land along running creeks, and moved his ranching business to his new place.

IN 1915 I married Miss Teresa West and I was in the family for forty-five years after that, and never had a harsh word with any of them. My father-in-law, Marsh West, was one of the finest men I ever saw.

Not long after I married, my father decided to sell our holdings along the Ruidoso. He wanted to buy more range land where he would not be under so many restrictions. He moved to Hillsboro and bought seven miles in narrow strips along the waters of Percha, Animas and Trujillo Creeks. But I stayed on and bought my wife's grandfather's place. He was John West, and had decided to retire and move to Hot Springs.

Before long, however, my father appealed to me to move to Hillsboro and go back in the ranching business with him. This I decided to do, and put $25,000 into the business. We bought more cows and turned them on the creeks mentioned. Of course, they ranged on state and federal land, but here at least we had better neighbors. Another advantage was that there were no army posts or big towns where stolen beef could be sold. There is not much sale for beef in a strictly ranching country; every outfit has its own. (Of course, this is not to say that some ranchers were

averse to eating the other fellow's beef.)

Next to our K-6 was the Ladder Ranch owned by Colonel W. S. Hopwell and A. Bouker, but shortly after Father moved in, these men sold the Ladder to A. J. Wigmore and R. C. Kendrick.

Ruben Panky owned the LM- Ranch on Seco Creek west of the Ladder. There were the Nunns, Lathums, and a number of others in the same location. I soon made friends with all of these people.

I heard a story shortly after we moved to Hillsboro that I think is worth mentioning. It started around the turn of the century when two miners working claims near Hillsboro had a falling out. One of them, in the presence of witnesses, told the other that if he trespassed on his property, he would kill him. Several days later the man who had been threatened was found dead not far from the town.

The miner who had made the threat was arrested, tried and convicted for the murder though he swore by all the saints that he was innocent.

Thirteen years later in 1915, Jim Hyler owned the Pitchfork Ranch, located seven miles northwest of Hillsboro. There was no road into the ranch; everything had to be packed in by mule or horse.

One day Jim and his wife saddled up and rode into Hillsboro for mail and supplies. They were gone all day and upon their return found that their place had been ransacked. Feather pillows were ripped open, a sack of flour was dumped on the floor, and everything in the house had been damaged. Several things were missing from the house, but worst of all, two of Jim's best horses were gone. Jim and his wife returned to Hillsboro as fast as they could ride and reported to Sheriff Frank Borjorquez.

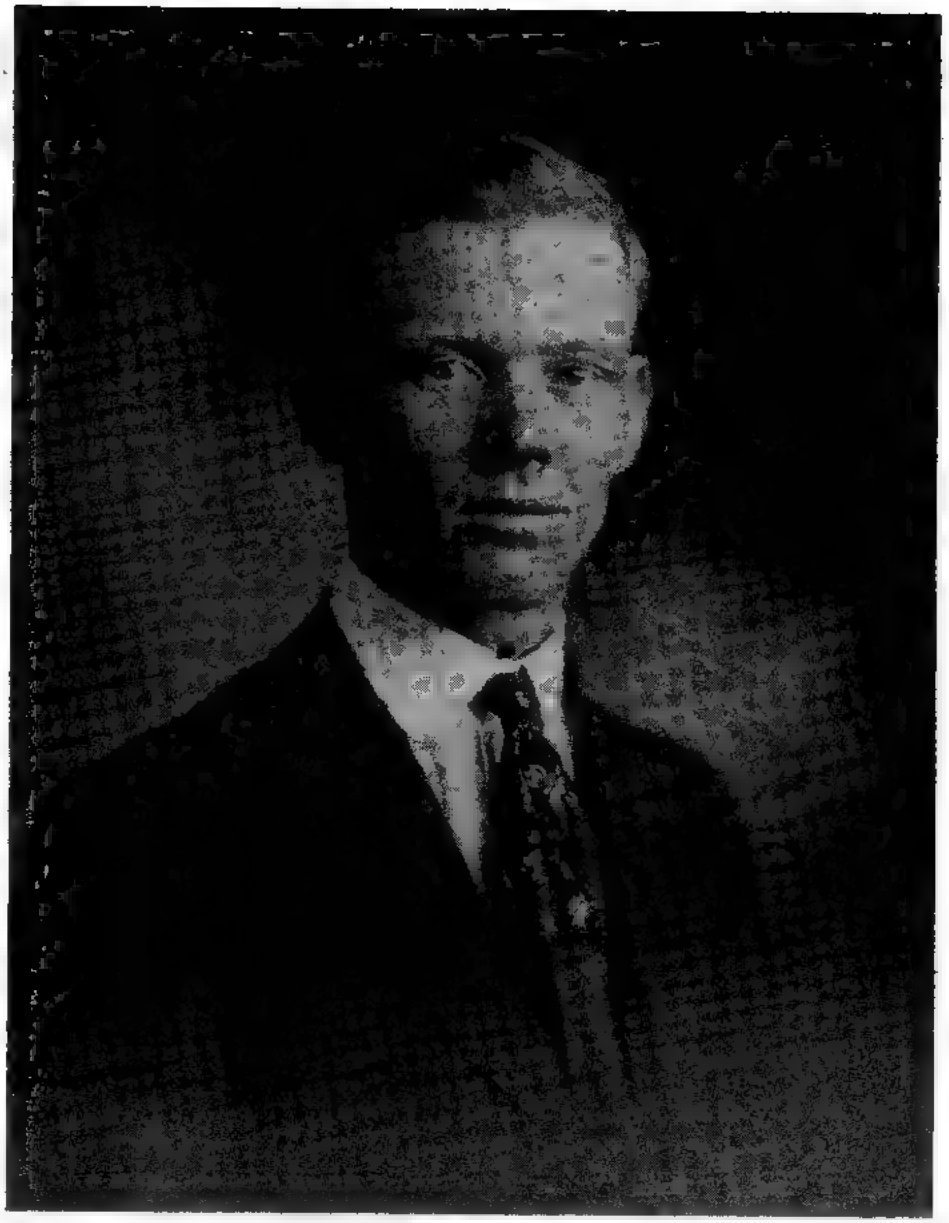
Frank got up a posse consisting of Walter Hern, Guy McPherson, Mike Sullivan and, of course, Jim.

They followed the trail leading away from the ranch, and noticed there was a little mule along with Jim's horses. That little mule track helped a lot in not mixing up the trail with that of other loose horses in the area. They followed the trail for two days, always leading in a northwesterly direction, and by sundown that second day, knew they were getting close.

As they didn't want to engage the robbers at night, they stopped and made camp for the night. At daybreak, one of the men went out to get the horses and saw the smoke of another camp not far up the canyon. He hustled back to get the others, and they took their rifles and went slipping up to investigate. They saw Jim's horses, one hobbled and the other staked, and hid in the brush, waiting for the thieves to come for them.

Soon a man and a boy came up, the man going to the staked horse and the boy to the hobbled one. Without waiting, the posse fired on the man and killed him. The boy took off like a jackrabbit in the direction of his own camp. Hot after him, the men still couldn't find him until a twig fell by the sheriff and he looked up to see the boy in the tree.

At first the boy refused to come down, but after a lot of coaxing and assurances that he wouldn't be hurt, he did so. It was then they found the boy was really a small Indian woman. She spoke Spanish but no English, and Frank Borjorquez finally got the story from her.



Bundy Avent at age 23, in 1917.

The woman said she had been kidnapped from her tribe, the Mescalero Apaches of the White Mountains, by the man they killed whom she identified as the Apache Kid. The sheriff searched the man and found a watch on his body, engraved with the name of the miner who had been killed thirteen years before. Frank asked her where the Kid had gotten the watch, and she said he had killed a white man and taken it from the body.

The posse didn't know whether to believe the woman or not, so on further questioning, she said she could take them to the place the man had been killed, but that it was "muy lejos de aqui." She pointed with her chin back towards Hillsboro, and since that was where they were going anyway, they let her lead the way on the little mule.

She finally led them to a grove of trees and told them that was the place. They got down and, while looking around, one of the men glanced up and saw an old crosscut saw lying in the fork of a tree, with the tree all grown up around it. Then someone remembered the old miner, found in this grove years before, and further, that he had borrowed a crosscut saw from a friend to cut his winter wood the day before his body was found.

In the face of this new evidence, they set the wheels turning to get the other miner out of the pen, where he had spent thirteen years of his life for a crime he did not commit.

I MENTIONED earlier stopping at the Rich Ranch in the Tularosa Basin. It was seven years later when I arrived there again about sundown driving a bunch of saddle horses from our ranch at Hillsboro to our old place near Fort Stanton. Old man Rich greeted me warmly. Although he had not been at home when I had watered out his stock, he

remembered it and was grateful. He had the men find a place for my horses and took me in to eat supper. He said they were going to run some wild horses the next day and asked me to stay and help.

I was in no hurry and liked the idea, so next morning Rich roped out a big fine horse for me, saying, "Tie him to anything you can catch. He'll hold it." A boy named Albert Bucks was paired with me, and we rode out to take our stand at the edge of the White Sands.

The others were to run the wild horses by us, but the horses saw us and took another route. They got way out in the Sands before we saw them. Those horses knew that a horse carrying a man could not run fast enough to catch them. As we sat our horses watching them, a little colt that had been left behind when they made their run to get to the Sands, came running down a hill to one side of us.

Just for fun I put after it and roped the little rascal, jerking him over backwards. When he got up he came up to my horse nickering like he thought the horse was his mother. I reached down and took the rope off, but the little colt wouldn't leave, and stayed alongside my horse the rest of the day.

With nothing better to do, Albert and I rode down into the Sands and found an old riverbed. There was not much water, but there were big old cottonwood trees, most of them dead, along its banks, and strangest of all, we came upon some old carreta wheels. As proof that they had been there for many years, there was nothing left but the axle and parts of the wheels; everything else had rotted away. Those huge wooden wheels had been used to pull the old Spanish carts; made by hand, they were seven or eight feet tall. We did some exploring, but mostly we just waited around for time to go in. We saw nothing more of the wild horses as we rode for the ranch, making it in near dark with the little colt still staying close to my horse.

At supper we told old man Rich about the strange river, the cottonwoods and the carreta wheels we had seen, but he flatly refused to believe us. "I've been here sixty-three years," he said, "and been as far into the Sands as any man, and I never even heard of a river in there —or a road either."

We stuck by our story, and the next morning Rich told the men to harness four mules to the spring wagon and we would go after the wheels. And while we were at it, we would load the wagon with that wood that wasn't there. Before leaving, Rich grimly warned me that, "If things are not as you boys say, I'm goin' to take a wet rope and whip it dry on you!"

We followed our tracks of the night before and went right to the old cart wheels and the cottonwoods. Wood was precious in this dry land, and the cottonwoods were a real find. But Rich was puzzled by the carreta wheels—the main road the Spaniards used to go to Santa Fe from Mexico ran along the other side of the San Andres, along the Jornada flats—the place called "Journey of Death."

We never knew what happened that they were so far off the trail, a mountain range between. Had the Indians pursued them, or bandits, and they slipped by night over the San Andres Pass to go up the other side in a desperate attempt to live? Had there been water in the little river that was even then dying in the White Sands, and did they stay hungry and lost until they died? At any rate, Rich estimated the wheels had been there more than a hundred years, and he carefully loaded them atop the firewood.

Rich kept those wheels in his yard at the ranch until he moved to Tularosa. In 1936 he donated them to the White Sands Monument, where they so appropriately belong.

It has been more than fifty years since I found the wheels. The dying little river is probably covered by now and the mystery of the carreta will always remain a mystery.

There is one more little sidelight to this story. Another seven years passed before I stopped in at Rich's place, but he remembered me and greeted me cordially. We talked late into the night, and then he told me that I had an interest in his ranch, but he let me guess about it till morning. We went out to the corrals then and he pointed out a fine looking horse that would weigh about 1,100 pounds. "Know him?" he asked.

I saw the horse was a stud and yet he was in a corral with geldings. But I didn't know the horse, and asked why he was in there. Rich said, "Best natured stud I ever saw. I guess it was because he was a motherless colt raised with a bunch of saddle horses. Half of the young horses you see around here are his colts."

I looked closely and figured the horse had Arabian blood in him or maybe paint; he had a blaze on his face and one white foot, but every one of his colts had a small white spot someplace on its body. I still didn't recognize the horse and shook my head.

"That's the little ball of hair that followed you and Albert in here that night you found the river in the Sands," Rich grinned, "and that's why you've got an interest in this place."

An old mill at Ruidoso, New Mexico. Bundy Avant's family camped near this spot. His father was selling sewing machines at the time.

DICK KENDRICK, owner of the Ladder, and Ruben Panky, owner of the LM- Ranch on Seco Creek to the west, had long been friends. One day in the bank at Hillsboro they got into a business argument and Kendrick, a hot-tempered man, called Panky a liar. Panky, just as hot-tempered, went for his gun. Customers and bank clerks alike dived under tables and behind desks till cooler heads got Panky to put the gun away.

The two men thereafter were bitter enemies; and Kendrick hit upon a unique scheme of revenge. At that time the State of New Mexico, often broke until more taxes were collected, issued scrip which was used to pay certain state debts like teachers' salaries, bounties on predatory animals, etc. It could even be used to buy state land. So Kendrick went up to Santa Fe and bought a half-million dollars worth of scrip and with it began buying up all state land around the Panky ranch. It was his intention to surround Panky, and then fence all the land in so that Panky couldn't even get out to buy groceries. This meant building 300 miles of fence, but the strong-willed Kendrick was determined to do it.

We were right in the middle of this fight, but were on friendly terms with both parties.

Kendrick had bought his land and was laying in the wire to fence it with. I was out with a wagon and crew working our own cattle. I was camped at Ash Spring, a spot sort of between the two feuding ranchers. I was riding up the canyon when I saw a lone rider on the side of a hill. Thinking it was a cowpuncher I knew, I called out, "Hey, you old so and so, what're you doin' up there?" Only I didn't really say, "so and so."

The rider answered something and I rode up to him. I was really embarrassed when the rider turned out to be old Ruben Panky. The wind was blowing twenty-five or thirty miles an hour and it was very cold. His coat was standing out like a flag, his eyes were watering and his nose running. A rifle hung from the horn of the saddle by a piece of rope.

I thought he'd be mad about the name I called him, but it wasn't me he was mad at. I asked him where he was going, and he gave me a cold stare, then said, "I'm goin' down to the Ladder to kill that damned Dick Kendrick."

I saw he meant what he said, that he was half crazy with rage, so I sat there trying to think how to talk this stubborn old man out of what I was sure he meant to do.

Finally I said, "Mr. Panky, why don't you let your boys handle this?" Panky had four sons, and Joe, the oldest, was a fine, level-headed man. The other boys were Hugh, Lee and Willie.

"No," he said firmly, "I've lived my time, and it won't make any difference what happens to me. The boys are still young with lots of good years to live."

I could see I would have to take another tack, so I talked about anything that came to my mind, and then I remembered the bottle of whiskey I had hidden under my bed at camp.

"Say, Mr. Panky, it's getting cold up here and Pat Barrera, our cook, will have a good dinner ready pretty soon. Also, I have a bottle of American Straight hid out. Why don't we go down and take a swig of that first?"

The bottle of American Straight did it. Panky liked to drink. He spent the evening with that bottle, didn't mention his mission any more, and when he went to sleep I got his gun and hid it under my bed.

The next morning I told him that I needed help in selecting another campsite, and he could be a great help to me. Being the kind of a neighborly man he was, he readily agreed. I didn't really need help as I had been over most of the range since I had been in that country, but it was a nice diversion. He never missed his gun and seemed to have forgotten all about what he had set out to do the day before. So after we had selected the new campsite, I rode onto his place with him.

The boys were just starting off on a ride, and after old Panky went to the house, I called Joe off to one side and asked him if they would be willing to sell out to Kendrick. It seemed to me by this time that the feud could only lead to a killing and that one of the two had to go. Since Kendrick had a noose around the Panky ranch, it made sense to sell out rather than let it come to murder.

Joe was surprised, to say the least, but he answered, "Nothing could suit me more. But," he added, "the way things are between my dad and Kendrick, I don't think it's possible."

I TOLD HIM I thought the best chance lay with A. J. Wigmore, Kendrick's partner, and I thought that Wigmore was at the Ladder at that time. Joe thought it over for a few minutes, then he called the other boys and told them what I had told him. They all agreed that it was an idea worth trying.

Together, we all went to the house to put the proposition up to old Panky. At first he just threw one of his tirades about that damned Dick Kendrick and how he wouldn't deal with him under any circumstances, but the boys kept on in a low key, pointing out that they were being fenced in until they couldn't get out to buy groceries and there would be no way to get the stock to market across the Ladder land when the fence was completed.

After some time, they got him to at least write down a list of figures: how many cattle they had; what they wanted for them and the deeded land along the creeks; the down payment and terms for the balance.

Panky seemed to become interested as they went along. The agreement that they finally came up with read like this: They could deliver 10,000 head of cattle counted out, and they would stipulate that

Richard C. Kendrick, part owner of the Ladder Ranch.

there would be an extra 500 found on the range. The total price would be $308,000, with $50,000 down and the balance in a six-year period. But old Ruben Panky still insisted on the written stipulation that Dick Kendrick could not put foot on the place while the cattle were being gathered!

When they had everything threshed out, I took the paper and rode down to Ladder headquarters. Dick Kendrick was monkeying around the saddle shed. He greeted me warmly, bade me get down and advanced to shake hands. He was a blond giant, six feet two inches with a heavy beard and mustache. I felt a little uneasy approaching him with any kind of a deal involving Panky.

To my relief, he suggested we go to the house for coffee. Wigmore was there with his lawyer—he seldom went anywhere without him. After a few minutes of regular ranch talk about the weather, the price of stock and range conditions, the conversation got around to what I thought was a good place to bring up the thing which had brought me here. I asked Wigmore if he would be interested in buying the LM- Ranch—lock, stock and barrel. He stared at me a moment, I think to see if I was serious. After deciding that I was, he said he might be interested if he knew all the particulars about the number of cattle, number of sections of land, and the price.

I pulled the paper out of my pocket and gave it to him. Wigmore began reading the paper and I could see that he was genuinely interested, but I could also see Kendrick swelling up like a mad toad. Pretty soon he exploded, just like Panky, he began roaring, saying he would let that so-and-so rot in hell before he would have anything to do with him.

Wigmore did the cool arguing with Kendrick that the Panky boys had done with their father. Wigmore pointed out that it would be better to buy Panky out than to have serious trouble. When Kendrick assured him that he didn't mind trouble, Wigmore reminded Kendrick that he was bucking five men. He seemed to have lost patience with Kendrick and pointed his finger at him saying, "What you're doing is wrong, Dick. I know you're mad, but if you starve him out and break him, you will regret it."

Wigmore fingered the paper a moment and said, "Let's at least see what he has to say." Then Wigmore began reading the paper, stopping now and then to ask his lawyer how it sounded to him. Paul, the lawyer, would think a moment, then nod. Paul okayed the deal right down to the last as far as the terms were concerned, but when Wigmore read the part that said Kendrick couldn't come on the place while the cattle were being gathered and delivered, Kendrick threw such a fit I thought the deal was off.

But Wigmore calmed him by saying, "Now wait a minute, Dick. We can't let your feud with Panky stand in the way of getting the land we need to square up our holdings here. After we get possession you can ride over it if you want to. You've been on every foot of it anyway."

So it was agreed, and I suggested that they get Henry Martin, a man trusted by both sides, to close the deal. The bargain was finally sealed. When the cattle were rounded up and counted, they found an extra 1,000 head over the 10,000 guaranteed, and this generous bonus served to end the feud between Panky and Kendrick.

Kendrick even hired Panky at $400 a month to stay as manager for the LM-Ranch. Panky did not remain long, though. He bought another spread.

WHEN Panky quit working for Dick Kendrick, he bought the Flying X Ranch north of Hot Springs, and also went in with Bob Martin in the First National Bank there. He was content to let Bob run the bank while he roamed around the country from Magdalena, New Mexico to El Paso, Texas. If he saw a piece of land or some cattle he wanted, he just wrote a check.

At first it took a lot of Bob's time to hunt him down and tell him he couldn't do that because he didn't have enough money in the bank. Panky would be highly insulted and yell, "Why in hell can't I? I own half that bank, don't I?"

Bob would patiently explain that the cash he had put into the bank was tied up in securities or in loans. "Then what am I supposed to do for money?" Panky would demand.

The first time it happened, Bob had him come into the bank to sign a note. After that he would take a note with him to save Panky the trouble of coming into the bank.

The bank was doing well when it made a loan to Hal Kerr who was ranching east of Deming, but then came the crash of 1929. Banks everywhere were having to close, including the Hillsboro Bank, where all the people doing business there lost their money.

Panky's Hot Springs Bank finally had to foreclose on Hal, and Panky was at the Kerr place gathering steers to bring to his Flying X Ranch when they heard a car coming in one night over the cow trail that served as a road. It was Bob Martin and his cashier, Sam Matson.

Bob was in a state. He told Panky the bank was closed for two days in a move called a "bank holiday" ordered by the Federal Government to give banks time to raise money, if they could, to avoid going under. Martin gloomily predicted that the two-days grace would do them no good; they were broke and that was all there was to it.

Panky seemed so unconcerned that Martin finally became aggravated at Panky's seeming indifference, and berated him for it. It irritated him more when Panky answered, "Well, what the hell you want me to do about it? You're the banker, ain't you?" Then he went back to bed and told Martin to stop talking so that he could go to sleep.

But Bob rolled, tossed, and talked all night. Next morning Panky told Sam, who was driving, to take him to the nearest telegraph depot, which was Nutt Station between Deming and Hatch. There he went in and sent a telegram and then got back into the car and told Sam to head for El Paso.

Bob began to argue about going to El Paso. "It's no use, Ruben," he said. "We can't borrow a dime in El Paso. We've borrowed every nickel we can in every bank."

Ruben simply told Sam to drive on, which he did, and Ruben directed him to the Federal Reserve Bank on Myrtle Avenue. As they walked in, the president of the bank was crossing the lobby with a bunch of papers in his hands. When he saw Ruben, he broke out with a big smile and rushed over to shake hands. Almost at the same time he said, "Mr. Panky, we've got your $73,000 that you wired for. What do you want us to do with it?"

Ruben waved a hand toward the front door. "Just load it up in that old red car out there," he said.

The banker looked shocked. "If you insist on taking it in cash, Mr. Panky, at least come around back to the loading dock."

In a very few minutes' time they had the money loaded and were on their way back to Hot Springs.

Bob Martin, absolutely limp, was halflying in the back seat when Ruben explained that the money was the last two payments on the sale of his ranch. He let out a low chuckle and said that even his wife hadn't known that he had the money. When Bob expressed amazement at that statement, Ruben Panky answered, "If she had, she would have spent it. You can't tell a woman everything."

By the time they reached Hot Springs, Bob had recovered enough from his days of strain and worry to want to make sure that the money was safe. He wanted to take the money, much of it in silver dollars, right to the bank vault for safety. Again, old Ruben demurred. "Just leave it in the car, boy, and run it into your garage. Nobody would ever dream it was there."

Bob Martin felt like he had been reprieved from having to tell good friends that their money was gone, and he just couldn't feel comfortable about leaving the money in the garage. "It's all right, I tell you," Panky reassured him. "In the mornin' you take this money to the bank bright and early. Print a great big sign saying, 'ALL DEPOSITORS, COME GET YOUR MONEY,' and let 'em have it."

Next morning around ten, Ruben Panky strolled down to the bank, where Bob had already been for hours, and found people putting money into the bank instead of taking it out. The Hot Springs Bank weathered the storm of the Depression and became one of the strongest banks in the Southwest. Pretty good for a part-time banker who came to Hillsboro at the turn of the century with nothing but a wife and a team of ponies.

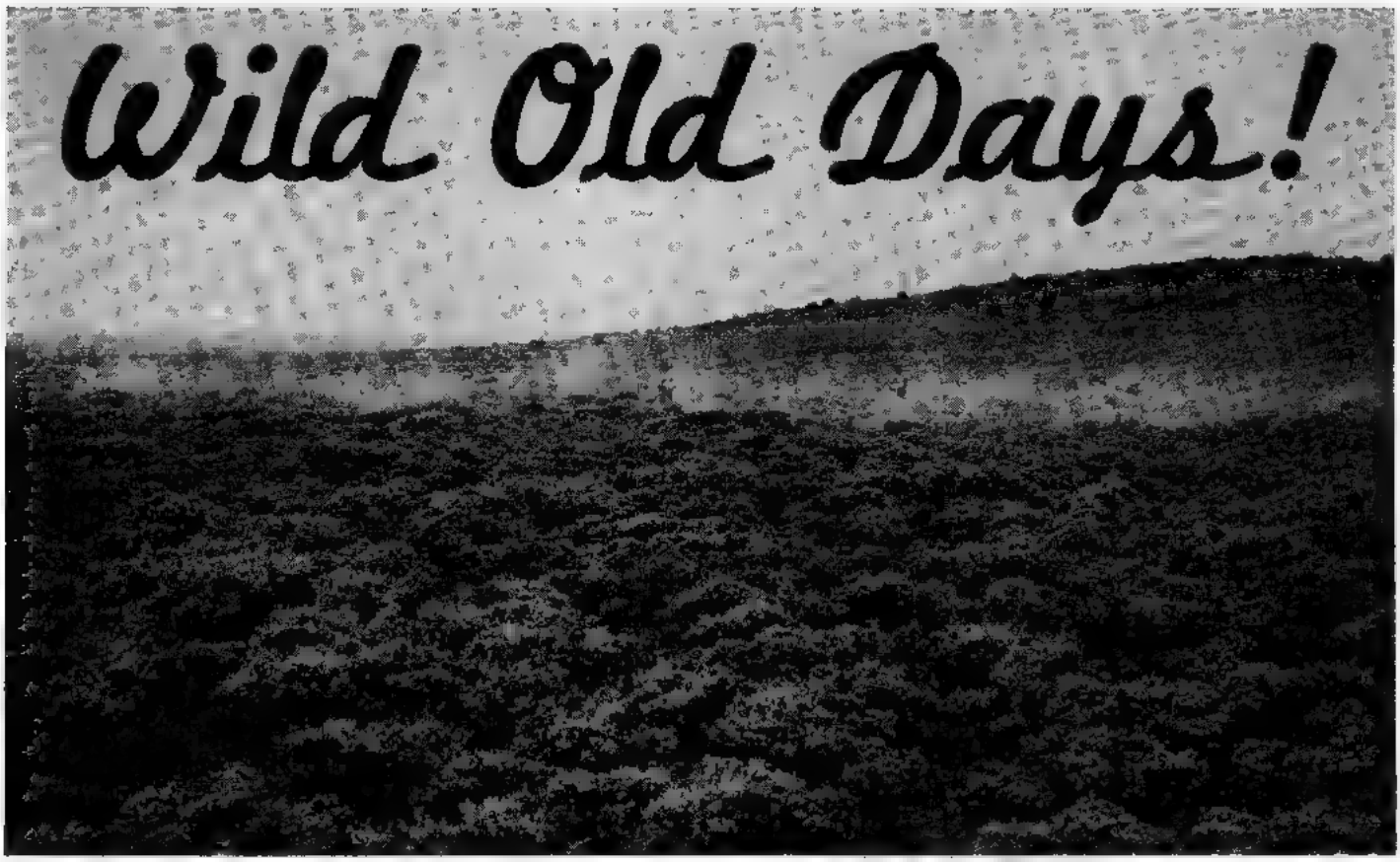
DURING those days when so many banks were closing, everybody got cautious about taking checks. A neighbor of ours, Mr. Stover of San Patricia, had an offer to sell his place for $900, but he wanted cash. The men had to go back to Roswell to get the money, but they did and the deal was closed.

Mr. Stover sat up all night guarding his money. Next day, he saddled a special pet horse he called Billy, and with the money in an old boot top, started for Capitan to put the money in the bank. He was late getting there and Mr. White, the cashier, told him that had he been another three minutes, the bank would have been closed for the night. White accepted the money, however, and Stover

(Continued on page 64)

Mrs. Ella Avant at 94 years of age.

Wild Old Days!



Photos Courtesy Author

Above, dusting for crickets. Below, packing in the poison to be used in the dusting project.

THE HOP HOPS

By Walt Goldsmith

SNAKE PETE was an old Ute Indian and he and his wife Red Rock were well respected, as they deserved. The first time I met Snake Pete was at Cockleburr, about fifteen miles east of Jensen, Utah. I was about fourteen years old at the time. He and Red Rock were in a little buckboard. I think they may have been the first Indians I ever saw.

I stopped to visit. Snake Pete asked me where I lived. I said, "Blue Mountain." His face lit up; he knew the country!

He didn't speak very good English, and I spoke no Ute at all, but we managed to talk with the help of hands. He asked me how the grass was—he used his hands to indicate 2", 4", 6", 12", or 14". I shook my head and measured with my hands zero, no grass.

He said, "Why?"

I said, "Mormon crickets."

"Hop Hops?"

"Yes," I said, "Hop Hops."

Snake Pete told me, "One time, me little boy, we camp on Blue Mountain. Many hop hops—we push 'em up, catch in bag, mix with berries, good to eat."

I guess if you get hungry enough anything would be better than nothing.

The next time I saw Snake Pete and Red Rock was at Mame Hacking's place in Vernal, Utah. Mrs. Hacking had a fine apple orchard and my family used to buy our winter supply of apples from her. Mrs. Hacking and her brother, whose place was just about a half-mile up the road, had been friends of old Snake Pete for many years.

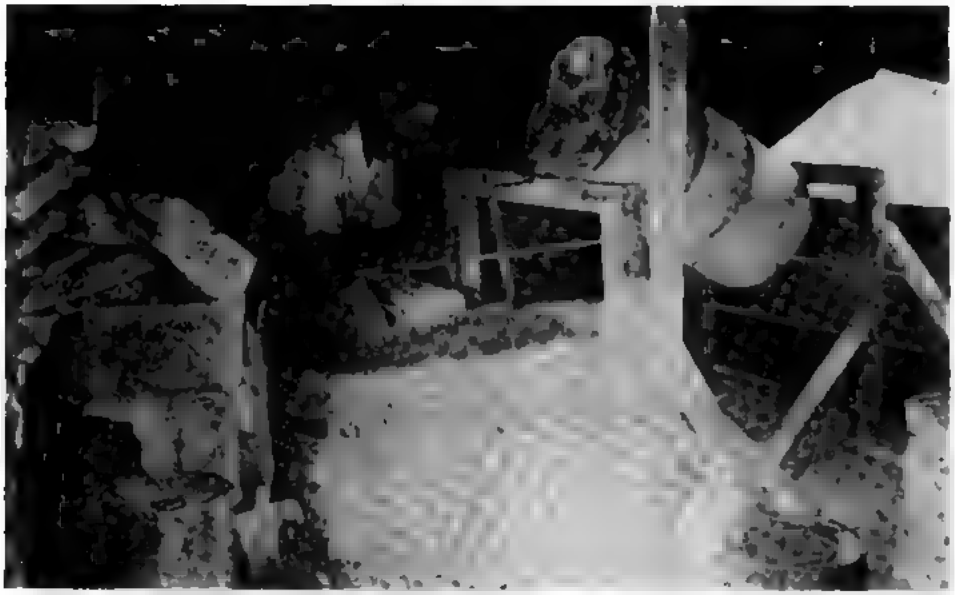
One fall we were there picking and sacking apples when Snake Pete rode in on his horse, with Red Rock driving a little spring wagon. They, too, wanted to buy some apples.

It was about time for dinner (the noon meal—"lunch" was carried to school or whatever you ate when you were not able to be home for dinner; supper was the evening meal). As was the custom, Mrs. Hacking asked us all to have dinner with her family. Snake Pete sat at the table with us and said, "Me no hungry but maybe he come." Red Rock sat on the floor and didn't eat.

Well, old Snake Pete's appetite did come, and presently he went outside and upchucked. Mrs. Hacking said, "What is the matter, Pete? Did you eat too much?"

He said, "No. Pony shakem too much."

It finally came out that Pete had been



Above, mixing the poison used to kill the "hop hops." Below, the dusting crew's camp at Antelope Springs.

to visit Mrs. Hacking's brother and had had dinner with him before he came to see about buying the apples.

THE next time I saw Pete was on Blue Mountain. He and a few of his friends were trying to get to Jack Springs, I think for a little hunting. Pete knew the country all right, but much of it had been fenced and the old trails shut off. They had a couple of buckboards or light wagons and were at a loss as to how they were going to get through.

We met at Mud Springs—not far from Jack Springs, and he asked me how to go. I told him but he didn't seem to understand, or else he out-foxed me. Anyway I said, "OK. Come on, I'll show you." So I rode about two miles or so with them and showed them the way to cross Wolf Creek, and they were home free. He thanked me.

I only saw Pete once more and that was in Bear Valley at the little store and post office (no longer on the map) called Youghal.

Pete and his family camped there that night, and what impressed me was his thrift. Cigarette papers were 5¢ per book in Colorado, but down in Utah where Pete lived on the Ute reservation, cigarette papers were 10¢ per book. Pete took advantage of the saving and bought about 50¢ worth.

Mr. Thorn, who ran a photo and curio shop in Vernal, Utah, told me he tried to get Pete to strip to the waist and pose with a bow and arrow, but Pete refused. He said it would be too much trouble to take off all his shirts. Personally I think he was too modest and too smart to be a model for anyone. My hat is off to an "old friend." I wish we could have been better acquainted.

A few years later the Hop Hops became a real problem, and the State of Colorado and/or the U. S. Government decided to do something about it. They launched an exterminating program, headed by Frank Cowan, Colorado State entomologist. We put together a crew. I was the scout who found the crickets and guided the others to the place. The crickets were dusted with arsenic and lime.

It killed the crickets but it also killed the cattle. I lost seven or eight head out of my small bunch, but it was worth it for I was making about $3.00 a day, and during the Depression that was good money. I sold fine cows with big calves at their side for $20.50.

Snake Pete had also seen hard times—he'd been forced to eat those Hop Hops!

TRUE LOVE—1883

By Lulita Crawford Pritchett

GEORGE STAFFORD and the widow Nannie Crawford decided to get married late in the fall of 1883. Having won the prize over a dozen other suitors, George thought he was sitting pretty. In the thinly settled region of Routt County, Colorado, women were scarce.

At the time of Henry Crawford's death, the editor of the Grand Lake *Prospector* reported the tragedy and

added that the late lamented left "a young widow of southern birth and prepossessing appearance, with good education and many excellent womanly qualities, who, with her two children—the eldest a boy of nine—lives on her own ranch, a ranch fully proved up for government title and quite well stocked with cattle. . . ." Henry Crawford was a younger brother of James H. Crawford, who founded Steamboat Springs.

Henry had now been dead a decent year. From among the lonesome cowboys and yearning homesteaders who had come riding out of the sagebrush, the widow had chosen George. George was a bachelor, young in years but considered an old-timer in Egeria Park. He had a ranch ten or twelve miles down Bear River from Nannie Crawford's place. His real name was Archer J. Stafford, but his cowboy friends found it hard to twist their tongues around that, so they just called him George.

The lucky George now set out to obtain the necessary marriage license and preacher or justice of the peace. His first business was at Hahn's Peak, the county seat, fifty miles distant over a rough mountain trail. Even his best horse failed to get him there till after nightfall. He had to rout a grumbling county clerk out of bed. As soon as George made known the urgency of his errand, the fellow put on his pants and shoes, shuffled over to the courthouse, and wrote the license. Then he shook George's hand and wished him luck.

Before sunup next morning the would-be groom was well started on the fifty-mile return trip. That day he rode a winged horse. Back in Egeria Park he delivered the precious document to Nannie for safekeeping. She had already set the wedding day and was doing some baking for the wedding dinner. All that was needed was someone to tie the knot.

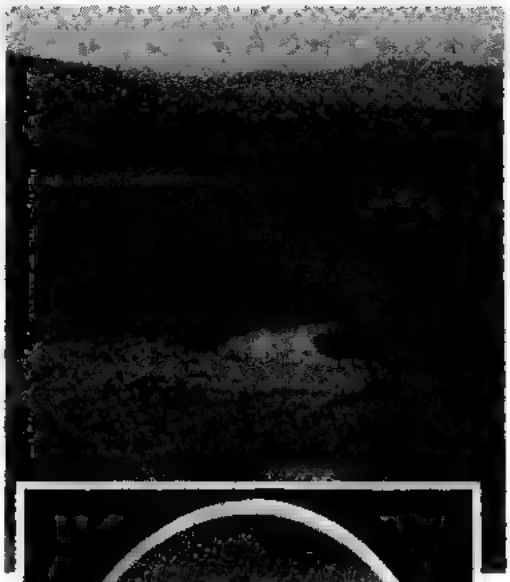
GEORGE anticipated no trouble in fetching the justice of the peace who lived on a ranch a few miles toward the Flat Top Mountains. Some snow already dusted those Flat Tops, George observed, as he headed his horse up a small creek.

He could have spared himself half a day's ride if he had known that the justice was only a summer resident and had gone "Outside" for the winter. When the lover reached the ranch and saw no smoke coming out of the stove pipe and no stock in the corral, he had to turn around and ride back toward the widow's.

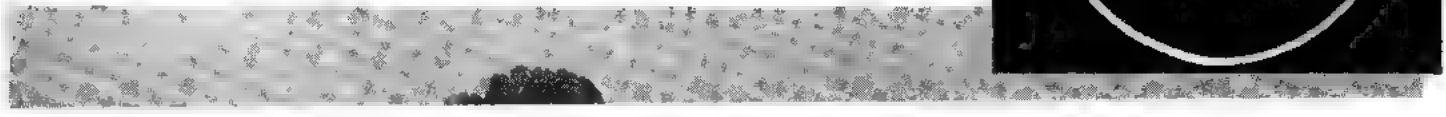
As the wind sharpened, so did his anxiety. He would now have to travel fifty or sixty miles to Hot Sulphur Springs, where undoubtedly he could find a justice.

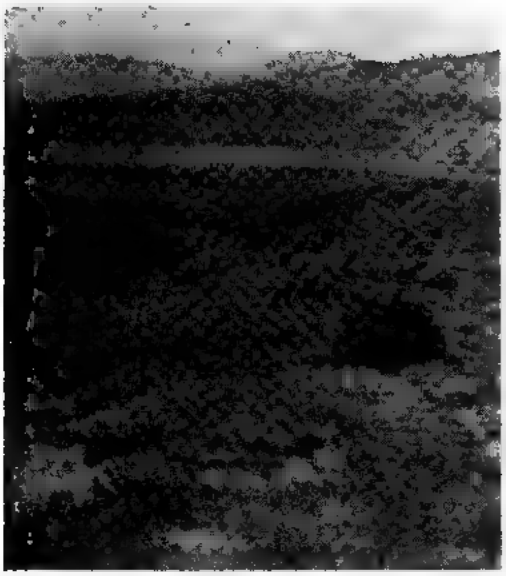
Saddling a fresh horse, he burned the trail to Middle Park. But that small settlement on Grand River had no justice of the peace. And the county judge, ordinarily available, was out of the state.

There was no preacher in all of Routt or Grand Counties, so the only thing the frustrated groom could do was try to borrow a preacher from a neighboring county. He headed for Georgetown, the



Below, the Henry Crawford Ranch in the 1880s, three miles north of the present town of Yampa, Colorado.





Photos Courtesy Author

Above, lower Egeria Park, looking west toward the Flat Top Mountains. At left, Nannie Crawford, Henry's widow.

nearest sizeable community, sixty miles across the range on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

The lover who laughed at locksmiths had nothing on George. Archer J. Stafford was not a man to let even the Continental Divide stand between him and Nannie Crawford.

Some of those mountains were straight up, and it took him more than two days of the hardest kind of travel through new snow on Berthoud Pass to reach the mining town. When he did get there on a severely lamed horse, luck was against him. Two of the Georgetown ministers were out of the city, and the others could not be secured for love or money.

George thought of Nannie having to put off her wedding and not knowing what had become of him. In desperation the husband-that-was-to-be if he could get a preacher, walked from Georgetown forty or more miles to Breckenridge. There George found the Reverend Winsor, who for $150 agreed to return with him to Egeria Park.

With a hired team, against a wintry wind, preacher and cowboy made the journey—some hundred miles—down Blue River and thence across Gore Range to Bear River. At the residence of E. H. Watson, Egeria Post Office, Reverend Winsor united Nannie Crawford and A. J. Stafford in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The Grand Lake *Prospector* reported: "The wedding was the social event of the season in Routt County, and though but a few of the nearest friends from neighboring stock ranches were present at the ceremony and wedding dinner, yet the marriage was upon the lips of nearly every inhabitant in the frontier county, and the union had the sanction and the blessing of every man and woman in the park, in the valleys, and in the mountains . . . for the contracting parties were well known and respected by all."

THE "HATS" OF JUDGE WILLIAM B. IDE

By Avis Haas

WILLIAM B. IDE was a man noted for being able to rise to any occasion. As judge of Tahama County, California, around 1851, he had a unique way of filling court offices when manpower was short. Judge J. C. Huls tells this story.

While justice of the peace at Tahama, Ide was holding a man for horse stealing. After being appointed judge of Tahama County, this case came up. For a while he held the positions of judge, deputy sheriff and clerk.

Associate Justice and Deputy Sheriff Huls brought in the prisoner. The indictment was read by Ide as clerk. Then Ide quickly mounted the bench as judge and informed the prisoner of his rights, including defense counsel.

The next problem was that there was no licensed attorney closer than Butte County.

Ide had recently been admitted as a practicing attorney in Judge Sherwood's court, so he offered his services. And then the sprinting began. He would raise a point of law on either side, mount the bench to help decide, take exception to his own ruling, then as clerk make the entries.

When the testimony was in, Ide addressed the jury, presenting both the side of the prosecution and the defense, and wound up with a plea of mercy.

When time for sentencing came, Ide as judge, ordered the prisoner to stand. He addressed him thusly: "You have had a fair and impartial trial by a jury of your peers. You have been ably defended by counsel appointed by this Court. The jury has found you guilty of grand larceny, the penalty of which, under the benign laws of California, is death. It is therefore the judgment of this Court that you be taken by the sheriff to some convenient place on the——day of—— and then and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead."

MONTANA'S WILD RASPBERRY GOLD

By Josie Airey

BASIN, MONTANA straddles Highway 91 about halfway between Helena and Butte. It is a quiet town now, except for the rumble of trucks and heavy traffic and the occasional business of tourists traveling between Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. Yet fancy facades, crumbling buildings, and yellow mining scars on surrounding hillsides promise a rich history to anyone who will only pause to search and dig.

South of Basin, crimped between the Boulder River and a steep mountainside, are tailings and foundations of the old Hope Mill. Ask Basin old-timers about the mine and they will tell you of the town's heyday when gold ore from the Hope brought $150 and $200 a ton at any Montana smelter. Jim Hill's Great Northern sent a narrow gauge branch down from Great Falls, through Helena to Butte, and trains stopped daily in Basin to pick up ore from the Hope Mining Company.

Little remains on the surface to remind anyone of valuable ores, but underground—at the 200-foot level, to be precise—the story of one of Montana's richest lost treasures begins. The prize is an old black powder can—filled with pure gold.

Capitalists in Helena and Butte controlled the Hope in 1895, and at their direction miners pushed shafts and tunnels down to the 350-foot level, branching out in all directions. The owners were rich, thanks to the production of the Hope Mine, but they did not know of an even richer vein on level 200.

Several workmen, busy cleaning up at the 200 station, had chanced on an almost pure streak of gold. The vein assumed the shape of a golden cross on a side wall, and for a long time these miners kept its discovery and location closely guarded. No word of their secret wafted above ground to the office or the owners while nugget by nugget, lunch pail by lunch pail, they brought out the gold.

How much came out of that vein no one will ever know, for the miners took the ore to a secluded spot far up the hillside above the Hope. Here, with the aid of a large mortar and pestle, they crushed the ore and extracted pure gold from the rock. But for an accident, the secret might never have been known.

Late that summer a little girl wandered over the slopes of Kleinsmith Gulch, well above the mine and mill, picking raspberries. Climbing over some rocks to a well-laden bush, she discvovered a mortar and pestle. Beside it, tucked in a rock crevice, was a five-pound black powder can. She tried to lift the can, but found it much too heavy; removing the lid, she discovered that the vessel was nearly full of yellow sand. Replacing the cover, she paused to play with the implements for a minute or two and returned to the nearby berry bushes.

NOT LONG after, the child and her father shopped Basin's busy stores, visiting the local assay office on the way. Spying the mortar used by the assayer, the girl informed her father that she knew where there was another. "And," she added, "there is a big can full of pretty yellow sand, but it was oh! so heavy I couldn't lift it."

Her parent naturally became interested and at once took her with him in search of the mysterious can with its yellow treasure. The little girl readily pointed out the spot where the mortar and pestle had stood, but they were gone, as was the can. Also gone were the bushes—the original source of the child's attention—for during the few days since the berry picking expedition, the talus slope above the site slipped, crashing down on the spot where the tools and treasure stood. The miner made a thorough search, but rocks had covered all trace of the gold.

Day after day the father returned to the place and toiled and sweated in the work of raising stones and digging

(Continued on page 51)

Truly Western

(Continued from page 3)

The photo of the witnesses includes my Grandfather Stephen Aubrey. The picture was taken after the men had been captured and brought back. The other picture is of the two covered wagons the men were captured in.

My father, O. A. Sutton, told me when I was just a boy about the Hugoton-Woodsdale trouble. These men had threatened to hang my grandfather Aubrey. He had a buffalo gun and stayed well armed as long as he lived in that country.

I came to Colorado Springs in 1952. I sold my ranch of 960 acres located 30 miles southeast of Guyman, Oklahoma two years ago. I am retired. My sister, Mrs. Ruby Miller, lives at Pampa, Texas. I have six children—two sets of twins—and grandchildren. My health is pretty good. I do enjoy the magazines you print.—Oda O. Sutton, 1010 Venus Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906

☆ ☆ ☆

I just read an article in your *True West* called "Bloodshed in Kansas."

I remember my father telling us about the affair. My father was too young, but his father was one of the men who took part in this affair. His name was Bill Spell.

When I saw the name of Sam Robinson I knew it was the same man my father had told me about. Sam Robinson was captured by the authorities in Cripple Creek, Colorado. They did not know they had captured such a famous man.

My grandfather happened to see the horse that Sam Robinson was riding. He asked the authorities to let two of his sons look at this horse. When Grandfather's two sons saw the horse they said it was Sam's horse. After the boys told who the horse belonged to, Sam told my grandfather that the boys had sealed his doom. This was the last the family ever saw or heard of Sam Robinson.

My father told me of an incident that I was quite amazed at. The people of Woodsdale woke up one morning to find that a bunch of men were on a knoll above their town (these were men from Hugoton). They spent the whole day. Late that afternoon the men from Woodsdale got a bunch of men together and rode off to find out why the men had spent the day as they had. When the men from Woodsdale started toward them, they retreated toward home. The men from Woodsdale rode a few miles from town, then sent about half of their men back as there was fear that the men from Hugoton might double back and harm the people still in town.

I also remember my father telling me about the killing of those men in the hay field. My grandfather and grandmother lived in Woodsdale for about two years. But after all this fighting and trouble, my grandmother wanted to leave as she said that every time she let her children out to play, she worried about them getting killed. So they moved to Cripple Creek, Colorado where my grandfather had been given a job.

My father passed away in 1955 but these things stayed in my mind.—Mrs. Denyse Gladhill, Box 918, McGill, Nevada 89318

Charley Smith

My husband truly enjoys your magazines—in fact, I believe he has all of them since he has been receiving them. He would like to correct a statement in an article in the April *True West*, the one called "Charley Smith Still Wears His Six-Gun."

Earnest was born in Millet, and it was his grandfather, Henry C. Yaeger, that the authors were talking about on page 21. They mistakenly called him John Yaeger.

The Frank Earnest they speak of is a relative. My husband is named for him. Also Earnest knew the Pete Edwards pictured on page 20, and we both went to school with his daughter Rachel. It's a small world, isn't it?—Mrs. Earnest (Edith) Armstrong, Thompsonville Road, Hebbronville, Texas 78361

HOSSTAIL'S HEADIN' WEST

All my life I've wanted to point my mechanical nag West and head out for no place in particular—just ramble around throughout our Western states and see what comes up next. This summer I'm going to try and realize that lifelong ambition.

Oh, I'll make it a point to drop in on some of our newsstand distributors and hunt up some interesting characters that I hear about along the way, but no rush to get to any particular place—which is breaking all the rules, and how good that feels already!

Here's where you can help me. If there are places and things I ought to see, characters I should gas with, etc. I'd sure appreciate your dropping me a line on the things I can't afford to miss. I may not be able to make them all in one trip, but I should have a few good summers left and I plan on such a trip maybe even twice a year.

I don't have a time set to leave. Ain't that wonderful! If I don't answer all your letters it'll be because I'm going and doing, but you can be sure your suggestions will reach me since all letters that do not get in before I leave will be forwarded to certain wagon yards I'll drop by to water my nag and pick up my mail.

I'll have a column going in all three rags that will keep you up on what is happening. Ought to be downright interesting. I'm excited already. So fire me any ideas you might have. Maybe I could drop by and split a sassafrasilla with some of you. Don't the whole idea sound good?
—Joe "Hosstail" Small

L F D Windmill

In the April *True West* there was an article by Naomi Wood entitled "An Old Windmill." The author wondered what became of it or if it was still standing.

This old windmill was at the Yellow House Ranch headquarters. It was owned by J. F. White. The big sandstorm on Thanksgiving Day 1927 blew it down and it was never rebuilt. That sandstorm was a humdinger. It completed the crop harvest for the South Plains for that year. Tumbleweeds caught in the north-south fences and broke or pulled the steeples right out of the posts.

Times were hard then; we were all settlers, just beginning the process of changing the country from cows to cotton. If we had known how poor we really were we would have starved to death.

The LFD windmill was built 120 feet high to clear the rim of the canyon west of the house so it could get wind to pull it. Out there the wind is almost always from the west. In 1950 on top of this hill there still could be seen the foundation of two old rock buildings built in a circle. These forts were built to protect the travelers on the old Fort Sumner trail.

The Yellow House Springs are about 300 yards southwest of these forts. It was one of the few places water and grass were plentiful for overnight camping. Indians were very plentiful then, too, and they resented the white man passing through. Buffalo hunters used the spring and pond created there for summer camp. The Indians finally drove off the white inhabitants from the location, tore the old fort down and rolled the stones down the hill. Later Mr. White used a lot of the stones when establishing the ranch.

North of the house several hundred yards, a cowboy is buried. His horse got control of the bit and stampeded over the bluff, killing him. The last time I saw the grave, part of his saddle marked the head of the grave. At one time I knew his name but the years have erased it from my mind; that was in 1924. His brother finished out his years cooking in cafes and "beaneries," as we called them, over the area. I think the name could have been Ballard. The old boy could cook a wonderful son-of-a-gun stew.

Billy the Kid holed up here one winter when he was on the dodge but he drifted

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a little farther west to make his mark on history. It is thought some horses and cows drifted with him.

Inside the circle formed by the old foundations an old fellow removed $20,000 in Mexican gold coins. I think this was in 1923. His story was that the people who put it there were killed there.

Bruce Taylor and his brothers Horace and Ben Joe went up there to see the place where the money was found. They found two or three coins in the dirt in the bottom of the hole. They were ten and twenty peso gold coins.

Later I got a chance to go. The hole was about as deep as I was tall but there wasn't any more money in it. I don't know if Bruce and Ben Joe are alive now. Horace was killed in a plane crash later. I did find a few arrowheads and several old bullets between the old fort and the springs. The arrowheads near the fort were all broken. I think the springs still had water in them in 1958. We lived at that time on the last farm south of the Yellow House and still on Yellow House property.

Water was scarce in those days and Mr. White, being different from most big cattlemen, would let us come in and picnic and swim at the springs if we would leave his stock and buffaloes alone. He owned a herd of them then.

Mr. White taught me a good habit that I still have. When you find a rancher's fence down, put it back up. I still carry a few steeples in my rig and often find use for them that way. I have made some good friends doing that and got access to good fishing.

The lake seen in Naomi Wood's picture is east of the windmill and called Yellow House Lake. It's awful boggy and at one time was fenced off to keep stock out.

Southeast of this lake in the late 1920s Mr. Hines developed a sand and gravel pit. It was good gravel and much needed by the new settlers coming in. Before he found this, most of our sand and gravel came from Taiban, New Mexico by rail.

When Littlefield, Texas was building their first paved streets, some fellow from down the country came through pulling a dry washer for gold. He was on his way to New Mexico where a new gold strike was on. Someone persuaded him to demonstrate it on some gravel from the Hines pit and darned if there wasn't a few gold "nuggets" in it. The section of the pit this gravel came out of was about washed out and the fellow didn't find much there.

Thanks for bringing back a few pleasant memories of the past. Most of my memories of that country are pleasant. —Vernon Hofacket, Box 705, Heyburn, Idaho 83336

☆ ☆ ☆

I'm seventy years old and your magazines bring back many memories. First off, I want to comment on the old L F D windmill story by Naomi Wood in the April issue. A replica of the windmill stands in a city park near the Santa Fe depot at Littlefield, Texas, fifty miles west of Lubbock. The windmill is 120 feet high and is on a steel tower. There is a plaque telling the history of the windmill.

I also enjoy Hood River Blackie's stories as I rode on the rattlers or old freight trains many a thousand miles during the Depression. I wonder if anyone remembers the railroad bulls, Green River Slim, Denver Bob or Texas Slim? They were the mean ones.—Les Lewis, 140 North Third Street, Slaton, Texas 79364

Cripple Creek

I recently acquired a Model 1894 Winchester Carbine that had a slip of paper under the butt plate with the name Henry Kuhlman, Cripple Creek, Colorado, Apr. 3, 05 written on it.

In the December 1977 issue of *True West* Rufus L. Porter had a story about that area of Colorado. Could you forward a letter to him for me?

If there is anyone else who is familiar with or from the Cripple Creek area I would like to hear from them.—Juel Storstad, Manvel, North Dakota 58256

Dr. Shepherd of Canada

Dr. George Shepherd, a noted Saskatchewan historian and contributor to our magazines, died February 19, 1978.

Dr. Shepherd was first curator of the Western Development Museum at Saskatoon. His latest book was *Brave Heritage*.

Among recent honors bestowed on Dr. Shepherd was the December 1977 naming of a 17-story high rise for the elderly in his honor. As one friend put it, "He was a true pioneer, a builder in his own way. 'Tear me down, not the other fellow' was his attitude toward life.

Correction

I just read the story by Lee E. Echols in the February *True West*. It was a good story and I enjoyed it very much but let's keep them honest. On page 38 Mr. Echols has his cousin Ed running for sheriff in Pima County, Arizona in 1936 and said Ed's old friend Will Rogers took time from a busy schedule in Hollywood to make a pitch for Ed's election but went on to Douglas and made his speech at a rodeo in Cochise County. If you'll check the records you'll find that Wiley Post and Will

(Continued on page 44)

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

Smith's journey took eleven months. He had entered the fur trade in 1822, and by 1825 had become a partner with William Ashley. In 1826 Ashley sold out to Smith, who in partnership with William Sublette and David Jackson operated a major fur trading company until 1830. Smith's accomplishments include the "re-discovery" of South Pass, the first crossing of the Great Basin by an American, and the first journey by a white man overland from southern California to Oregon.

Smith's personal account of his journey to California in 1826-27, makes up this 259-page book which is illustrated with maps and includes a bibliography and notes. Highly recommended.

BORDER WARFARE

Between 1856 and 1859 there was much violence in Kansas Territory and along its border with Missouri on the east. The violence related to the struggle to make Kansas pro-slavery or a free-state in the subject of G. Murlin Welch's book *Border Warfare In Southeastern Kansas: 1856-1859* (Mrs. Lucille Nellsch, secretary, Linn County Historical Society, Pleasanton, Kansas 66075, $8.95 hardcover plus 70¢ postage and handling).

This 280-page book was written by Welch as a master's thesis in 1938. Since then, according to Dr. James C. Malin, well-known historian, the book "has substantially influenced the course of the writing of early Kansas history." Now, forty years later, the thesis has been published in book form and is available to the public. Welch's account is well documented. Many historical photographs have been included, as well as historical drawings. There are 19 chapters plus notes, bibliography and index. Recommended.

W. R. LEIGH—ARTIST

Charlie Russell, Frederic Remington and William Robinson Leigh are generally considered to have been the three pioneers of American genre painting. Leigh is least known to the general public simply because little has been written about his life. That has now changed. June DuBois, an Indiana writer, has written *W. R. Leigh: The Definitive Illustrated Biography* (Lowell Press, P. O. Box 1877, Kansas City, Mo. 64141, $40.00 hardcover), a handsomely illustrated book that not only contains more than 100 of Leigh's best known works (72 reproduced in beautiful color), but the story of his life.

Born in West Virginia, Leigh began to study art at an early age. Wealthy relatives sent him to Germany to continue his studies. At the age of thirty, Leigh returned to America where he spent fifty years painting cowboys, Indians and Western scenes. Although a contemporary of Russell and Remington, Leigh outlived both. He died in 1954 at the age of eighty-eight.

Unlike many other artists of the West, Leigh didn't paint scenes typical of the Russell and Remington school. He was more interested in portraying the simplicity and beauty of life in the Southwest. His art contains little violence.

This magnificently produced book is large (9 x 12 inches) and includes a bibliography and notes. There are 209 pages. The book's foreword was written by Dean Krakel, Director, National Cowboy Hall of Fame. The book is a must for lovers of Leigh's art and a "should have" for any serious student of Western Art.

BURIED TREASURE GUIDE

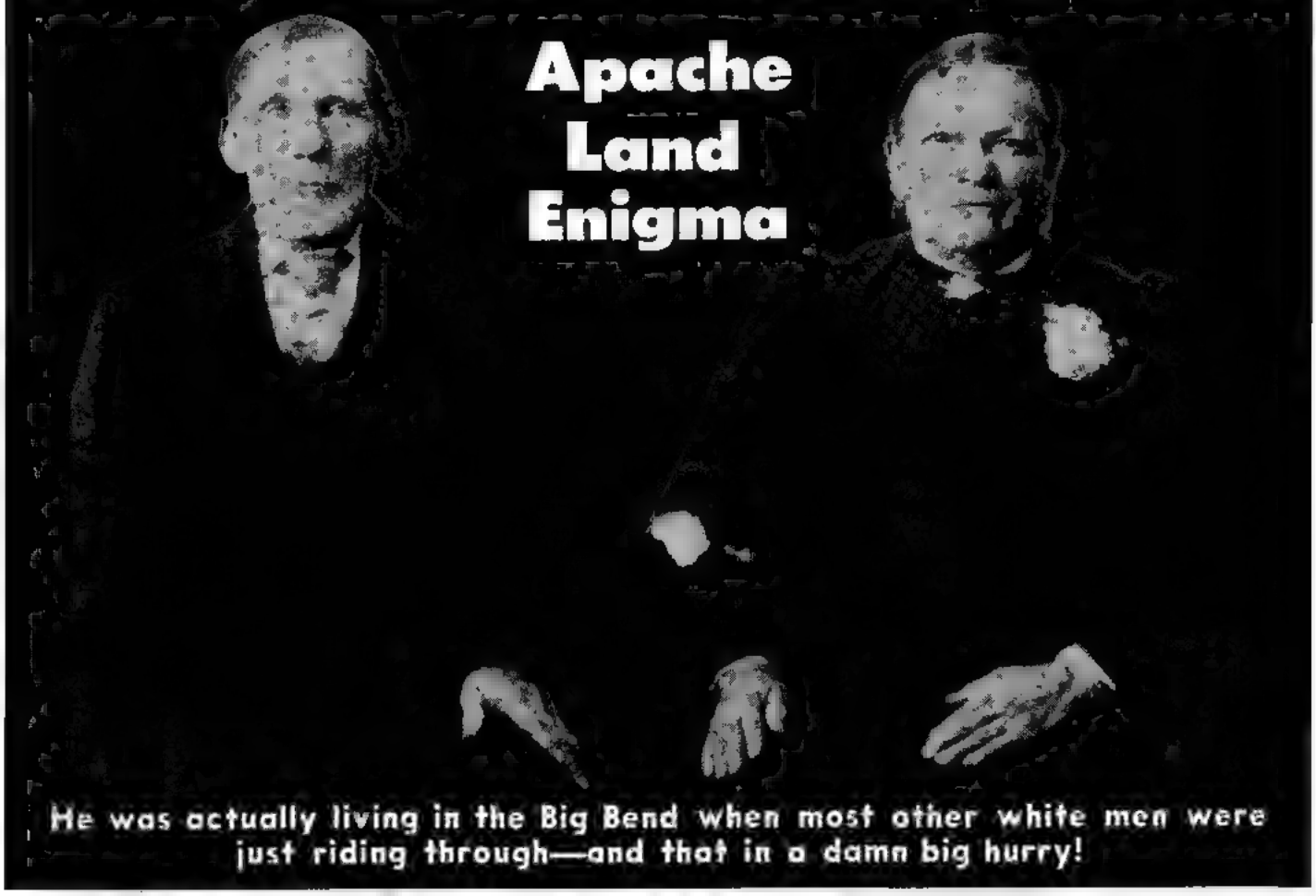
Anytime anyone tries to produce an all-encompassing book about any subject, readers should look it over carefully. That's what this reviewer did with Robert F. Marx's *Buried Treasure of the*

(Continued on page 40)

PROHIBIT

DUTCHALLOVER

Apache Land Enigma



He was actually living in the Big Bend when most other white men were just riding through—and that in a damn big hurry!

By DANIEL D. ARANDA

Photos Courtesy Author

IN 1842 in the coastal town of Antwerp, Belgium, a young blond-haired, blue-eyed fellow by the name of Anton Diedrick was set upon by a couple of marine town thugs. He was beaten and drugged and set aboard a freighter bound for another land. Anton would never again see his family, nor would he ever again see his homeland. The reason? Anton had been unfortunate enough to witness a cold-blooded murder and before the shocked young man could flee, he was grabbed by one of the assailants.

Instead of killing the witness, the thugs decided on kidnapping him and using him as a sort of slave on their cargo ship. As long as he remained aboard, he would be unable to inform the authorities.

Anton was not allowed to set foot off the ship in the many strange lands that he visited for fear he would escape and work his way back to Antwerp and expose the murderers. It wasn't until three years later that he was given a bit of freedom. By this time Anton was familiar with a sailor's life but it was not to his liking. He set foot on terra firma permanently at the port of Galveston, Texas. It is not known if he was allowed to leave or if he made a break at this place.

Alone in a strange land where people talked and dressed differently, it isn't any wonder that Anton would end up in some kind of trouble. One day he wandered past an army recruiting station and was grabbed by one of the soldiers and taken to the man in charge. Anton, unknowingly, was enlisting in the United States Army.

The army recruiter, unable to make much headway as to who this young fellow was or where he came from, took a long serious look at the silent fair-skinned man and made the remark. "Aw, he's Dutch all over. We'll name him Dutchallover." The recruiter knew that Diedrick was part of his name, however, so Anton Diedrick was listed in the army roster as Diedrick Dutchallover.

The enlistment of foreigners in the army at that time was not unusual as there were many Germans and other nationalities who had enlisted without knowing a word of English.

Diedrick's tour of duty, although difficult at first, would prove to be very beneficial to him, as he would learn to speak the native language and he would also have a place to stay, even if it wasn't the best.

Relations between Mexico and the United States, at the time of Diedrick's enlistment, was at an all-time low and the war with Mexico soon erupted in full force. Diedrick Dutchallover served in the war with honor and as a result received a small pension later on.

SHORTLY after the Mexican War, Diedrick decided that his last name was too cumbersome, so he dropped the second syllable "all" and became Diedrick Dutchover.

In 1850 Diedrick was one of the eighteen well mounted, heavily armed men who, captained by the legendary William "Big Foot" Wallace, made the initial run on the San Antonio-El Paso mail route. This 693-mile run was considered a very dangerous stretch of the Overland Trail but Diedrick lived through being a guard for two years. The trail was so dangerous, in fact, that in 1852 a reduction of the regular guards was made in exchange for federal troops.

Now there were only four guards, but troops were stationed along the entire route in small parties. The stationing of pickets did not entirely remedy the situation, however. The raids continued and so persistently that on October 7, 1854 Fort Davis was established near Limpia Canyon.

Diedrick, who had already settled in the area, was on hand to greet the incoming soldiers. No doubt he and the handful of Mexicans and Americans in the area were glad to have the soldiers in their locality. Limpia Canyon was more or less a crossroads for marauding Comanches who let anything in their way feel their wrath.The Mescalero Apaches, too, were a menace. Under the capable leadership of Chiefs Nicholas, Espejo, and Antonio, these Mescaleros virtually had control of the area in which they lived.

Fort Davis was situated in such a manner as to allow the Indians an opportunity to lob some long range shots with bow and arrow from the heights above it. On one such occasion Diedrick was a victim, but he was not to be denied life.

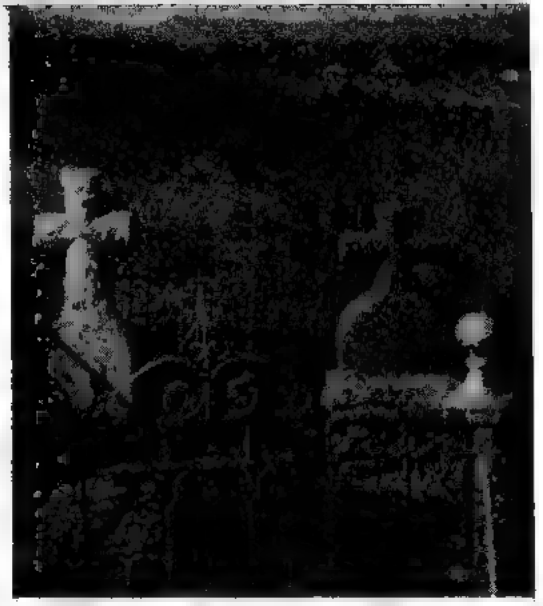
JUST AS the Apaches were gradually being pushed out, the Civil War broke out. Fort Davis as well as other forts were ordered abandoned by Federal troops in 1861. By the summer of the same year Fort Davis was occupied by Confederate forces. Diedrick, who understood little of the background of this conflict, was there to greet the soldiers in grey led by John R. Baylor of San Antonio.

Confederate soldiers occupied the fort for nearly a year before pulling out; and then, because there was hardly anything or anyone left in the Big Bend Country to protect. Most of the men had joined either the North or the South or had fled to parts unknown to get away from the war entirely.

Diedrick Dutchover was left in charge as caretaker of the post buildings and equipment that could not be taken along at the Confederate departure. He was chosen because of his neutrality in the War Between the States and because of his standing among the menacing Apaches. It appeared that chances of the fort's going unmolested would be very good with Dutchover in charge. The Apaches evidently regarded Diedrick as a harmless fellow because he very seldom carried a rifle.

The assumption that the Indians would leave Fort Davis intact proved false. Hardly had the dust from the departing Confederate soldiers settled when over 200 Mescalero Apaches under Chief Nicholas approached the place, bent on mischief. Sensing trouble, Diedrick hurriedly gathered about him a Mexican woman, her two small children, and four Americans, one of whom was quite ill.

(Continued on page 61)



Above, the graves of Diedrick and Refugio Dutchover. The town of Ft. Davis in background. Below, a group of officers stationed at the fort.

At left, Diedrick and Refugio in later years.

From Picturesque Southwest, 1937.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 37)

United States: How and Where to Locate Hidden Wealth (David McKay Co., 750 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017, $14.95 hardcover). Any person who has ever researched and written a book knows how time-consuming the research and writing can be. The chance for error is great. And there are errors in Marx's book. His 401-page effort does provide a brief history of treasure hunting, information on metal detectors and how to use them, how to find treasure sites and how the law affects the treasure hunter. These chapters are generally good.

Marx's trouble came when he tried to provide readers with a state-by-state list of treasure sites. Hundreds are listed, and this lengthy Chapter Twelve contains many errors. It appears to be a composite list from many sources, some of which were not accurate to begin with. For example, on page 221, Marx writes that the "ghost town of Juaniata [Kansas] was located about twelve miles west of Greenwood City on the Fall River, Riley Co." Not so! Juaniata was located just north of Manhattan, in Riley County, on the Blue River. The Fall River is nearly half-a-state away. And this reviewer counted five more errors in the Kansas list alone. Yet, in spite of the errors, the book does contain helpful information for treasure hunters.

INDIAN STORIES

After more than three decades as a naturalist with the National Park Service, Russell K. Grater retired to a home in Nevada. He has since written a delightful little book of Indian stories about animals. *Indian "Why" Stories* (Vantage Press, 526 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y. 10001, $4.95 hardcover) contains thirty Indian tales, each about an animal or bird which takes on human qualities. And each tale tells why something was as it was. For example there's "Why Chipmunks Have Striped Backs," "Why the Buffalo Has a Hump," plus why stories on possum, rabbit, coyote, bat, owl and many other animals and birds. Grater says these stories "were this country's first short stories." Young children will enjoy many of the tales. Any adult who enjoys Indian legends will find this little 70-page book of interest. And you can't beat the price. Recommended.

OLD NEWSPAPERS

Several years ago Margaret Philips of West Chicago, Illinois, found a bound volume of old newspapers while looking through a used bookstore in St. Louis, Missouri. She bought the volume containing copies of the *Madison Record*, a weekly newspaper published at Edwardsville, Illinois, for a two-year period. The papers in the bound volume covered April 1850 through September 1852. Because she found the newspapers fascinating to read and offering many insights into life on the eastern fringes of the West in the middle 1850s, she has since published a little booklet containing the April 11, 1850 issue. The articles, advertisements and news items provide an interesting link to the past. Copies may be obtained from M. A. Philips, P. O. Box 181, West Chicago, Ill. 60185, $2.95 each plus 35¢ postage.

Just Married—First Stop Tombstone!

(Continued from page 8)

BY the early Nineties Tombstone's heyday was past. The Vincents moved to Telluride, then to Leadville. Thomas opened saloons in both places, but times were hard in Colorado too. Although he and Memo tried to make a living by giving music lessons, they were frequently paid in highgrade. Of negligible value at the time, those specimens still in possession of their family have increased tenfold in worth.

The Old Dominion Mine at Globe, Arizona, however, was paying copper miners the magnificent sum of $3.50 to $4.00 a day. When the Vincents came to Globe, they found others from Tombstone there. Big Nose Kate ran a boarding house after leaving Doc Holliday and Tombstone. Kate was not the trollop some have pictured her as being.

When the Vincents bought a house on Broad Street, Thomas was dumbfounded to find that Diamond Mary, who had been a prostitute at the Birdcage Theatre, was their next-door neighbor. Mrs. McCormack—the name she was known by in Globe—had married a railroad worker named Perry Morgan. After his death she took "Naco" Bill as a live-in companion. Her household included a large white dog that barked and growled, numerous canaries, and a foul-mouthed parrot that called the Vincent children by name—as well as by various and unprintable titles.

Yet, despite their differences, the two families maintained a somewhat harmonious relationship. Naco Bill seldom spoke, and Mary's moods were as often indulgent as crotchety.

Memo's small daughters were in the habit of burying their dead canaries with elaborate rituals. They roofed tiny crypts on the hillside behind their house with broken halves of glass insulators, thus showcasing the yellow-feathered bodies on the slope. Such beautiful arrangements appealed to the emotional Mary, and the agreement she made with them to do the same for her dead birds was an accord of sorts between the old prostitute and the little girls.

Mary had been dubbed with her "Diamond" moniker because of her large collection of jewelry set with diamonds and rubies. During expansive moods, she would take the necklaces and bracelets from a wooden box from under her bedroom floor, and let the little girls try them on. When especially pleased with the children, she would promise to will them the jewelry. But after her death, it was found that she had willed her substantial estate to the Catholic Church. No mention was made of the jewelry. The disappointed girls suspected that Naco decamped with the wooden box.

It was Old Lucy whom the Vincent children remember most vividly. An aged Maricopa Indian, Lucy had been captured by Apaches who chopped off her toes. In ragged, soiled clothing, and with tangled, gray hair whacked off Apache-fashion, she was an outcast whom people shooed away. But Memo had compassion, and Lucy's primitive instinct sensed it. She came and went as her moods or needs dictated.

Lucy once appeared only minutes before the floodwaters of 1919 roared into Globe. Gesturing and chattering excitedly in her broken Spanish that Memo never could understand, Lucy cried, "Mucha agua! Mucha agua!"

A cloudbust in the mountains, of which Lucy tried to warn them, sent an overflow coursing down Pinal Creek. Mr. and Mrs. Enright, their three children, and two other persons were drowned. The surging waters carried three pianos from Whiteman's Music Store downstream into the livery stable—where rescuers found swimming horses trying to paw their way aboard the bobbing wooden cabinets.

Suffering from pneumonia, Old Lucy painfully walked down from the mountains on her last visit. Memo made her vermin-ridden patient comfortable on a pallet of quilts on an enclosed porch. After being dosed liberally with chicken broth and hot toddies, Lucy began to show signs of recovery. One morning the pallet was empty. The Vincents never saw her again. They supposed that she went back into the Pinals to die.

Mrs. Newt Robinson, Ross Santee's sister, lived on the hill above the Vincents' house. In 1915 young Santee came out from the East and, captivated by the frontier, decided to stay. He lived with his sister and worked at the smelter of the Old Dominion Mine for several years. There, and at the Bar F Ranch owned by Newt Robinson and Hal Young, he gained the knowledge of the West

Memo's son and daughter, Lester, Jr. and Viola Vincent, hold highgrade specimens collected by their father.

that enhances the work of this famed Arizona writer and artist.

Frequent visits to the Bar F, to the Fort Ranch and other cattle spreads of prominence, were privileges enjoyed by the Vincents. The Fort Ranch, then one of Arizona's largest, also was owned by neighbors—for like many ranchers the Forts maintained a home in town so that their children could attend school.

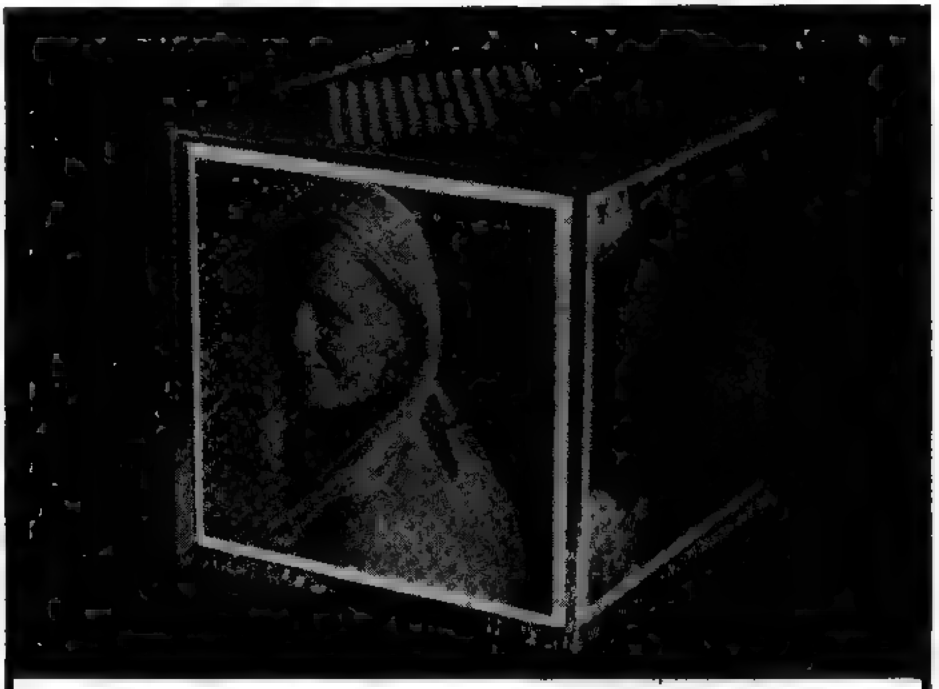
IN MEMO'S time Globe had a great mix of nationalities and races. Its people lived in houses that spread over the hills, clustered in canyons, and lined Broad Street, the main thoroughfare that followed the twisting course of Pinal Creek. Cornish people lived on Pastie Hill—named after their delicious meat and potato pies. Bankers' Beer Garden Park at the lower end of town, was a gathering place for Cornish picnics. Memo arose early on Sunday mornings to prepare pasties; to roll out the dough; to slice round steak, potatoes and onions. The pasties baked while the family attended church—the fillings, sealed inside turnover crusts, steamed tender and savory.

As the hearty little pies were delicious hot or cold, miners carried them in lunch pails. A pastie was judged by whether it was tender enough to be tasty, yet firm enough to survive a fall down a mine shaft.

In addition to the "Cousin Jacks," as Cornish people were called, Globe housed an Apache village. The adobe houses of Mexican workers were scattered in Ruiz and several other canyons. Balkan miners, Serbs, Dalmatians, and Italians (but all known as "Bohunks") lived at the lower end of town. Near the bridge across Pinal Creek was Chinatown. One of its side streets led into a tree-lined glade that curtained the redlight district.

Memo's children never lacked for entertainment in such a heterogeneous community. They peered with curiosity at Apache mothers who sat on the courthouse steps and plucked lice from the heads of their papooses, or watched Mexican burro trains plod down Broad Street with wood from the mysterious Pinals. Even when they scattered for safety, they were awed by the reckless horsemanship of Florence Fort as she raced her pony down the middle of Broad Street. In the late afternoon they could watch the train chug to a stop at the Globe station and see who arrived or departed.

Lester Vincent recalled that his pockets seldom lacked coins to jingle. He and Nelson McDonough, whose father was agent for Anheuser-Busch, peddled soured beer to Globe housewives who made vinegar of it. Or, stationing himself at the door of the St. Elmo Saloon, he would wait for Mrs. White, a faro dealer, to send him on an errand. Since she placed little trust in street urchins, Lester had to buy the sandwich, or whatever, and collect for it upon delivery. His profit was the 50-cent tip Mrs. White always gave him.



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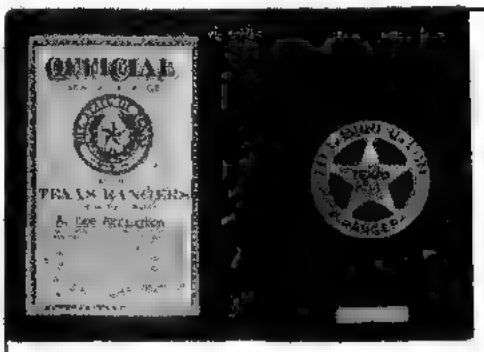

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MEMO and Thomas Vincent took active parts in the civic and social affairs of Globe. Aside from his job at the Old Dominion Mine—Thomas was "powder monkey," and responsible for setting off charges—he organized and then wrote marches for the Globe City Band. The appreciation of townspeople is evident in the bandshell they built and dedicated to Thomas Vincent.

Memo was choir director and organist for Globe's Episcopal Church, and the musician for lodges and clubs. She and Thomas also taught music, and in the process Lester developed a beautiful tenor voice which harmonized in duets with Memo's alto. He sang regularly with the quartette of Elks Lodge #489.

"Jam sessions" at the Vincent home attracted an audience of bystanders on sultry evenings. Among them was the future Governor Hunt, a neighbor and admirer of the tiny and talented Memo. George Wiley Paul Hunt had come to Globe as a threadbare prospector, but he rose to the presidency of the Old Dominion Commercial Store and Bank. Gregarious, as well as astute, he not only became Arizona's first state governor, but was seven times elected to the same office. This unique political record was due in part to his travels about the state, his shirt-sleeves approach, and his remarkable memory for first names.

During his long tenure in Phoenix, he still enjoyed and was loyal to his old-time friends: hence he kept his home in Globe.

An army recruiter who heard young Percy Vincent and a friend playing cornet and clarinet got their signatures on enlistment papers by ruse. When the boys refused to be inducted under such circumstances, they were thrown into the guardhouse at the border town of Naco.

Memo and Thomas telephoned Governor Hunt at Phoenix. The peppery governor, using some of the colorful expressions for which he was noted, assured Thomas that he'd put the matter to right. "Meanwhile," he told Thomas, "you go on down to Naco; and you may as well take along train tickets for the boys."

LESTER VINCENT'S first job was at the Dime Theatre. One of his duties was to pick up the lantern slides and sheet music that came in on the 5 p.m. train. He and Theresa Haverly, the pianist, would run through them quickly, and have them ready for the 7 p.m. showtime.

On the night in 1915 that Memo was to be installed in the office of Pocahontas for the ladies auxiliary of The Order of Redmen, the sheet music of a new song arrived. As Lester read the music and words, he was struck by the song's appropriateness. Thus did Arizonans first hear "M-O-T-H-E-R," sung by Lester Vincent in tribute to Memo.

Eventually the Vincent children left Globe for careers elsewhere. To be near them, Memo and Thomas finally left Arizona. Until his death in 1925, Thomas was a faithful booster of the Long Beach, California Municipal Band.

When Memo died in 1941, this Cornish immigrant bride had fulfilled her thirst for adventure. She had arrived in time to see the "Wild" West, and she had lived long enough to help "tame" it.

Did "Western" Justice Prevail?

(Continued from page 11)

IN 1867, en route with messages from Fort Dodge to the Medicine Lodge area, Pliley ran unexpectedly into Charley Bent's hostile Cheyennes. For seventy-five miles the chase continued. One shot penetrated Pliley's hat.

A violent storm and a buffalo stampede ended the pursuit but forced the courier to deviate from a straight course. Beginning his journey, expecting a two-day jaunt, Pliley had taken along one day's ration for his horse and a plug of Navy tobacco for himself. Due to the unforeseen events he was out five days. Both Pliley and horse were glad to see soldier tents. Once again life had been entrusted to the speed of a good horse and had been saved.

In 1868, Pliley became a member of Forsyth's selected command of fifty frontiersmen. Trapped on Beecher's Island with the unit, Pliley again proved his resourcefulness in breaking a circle of death. On the third day of the siege, his horse killed, he and Jack Donovan donned moccasins taken from "good" Indians. Passage through the encirclement was by crawling. Travel was by night. Cacti pierced the moccasins; cloth from their shirts replaced the worn-out footwear. They thirsted for water; they fed on spoiled horsemeat.

On the fourth night of their mercy journey, they stumbled onto a stage road near Cheyenne Wells. "Our feet were a sight to look at, swollen to twice their normal size, festered with thorns protruding out of the numerous festering pimples upon them." At a near-by ranch their first request was for a chance to catch the next Fort Wallace stage; their second request was for whiskey.

Both made it to Fort Wallace although Donovan died shortly thereafter as a result of the hardships suffered. Colonel Bankhead, Commanding Officer, had already been alerted, but word was sent to Captain Carpenter, commander of H Company, 10th Cavalry, of the desperate plight of Forsyth's troops. Company H was the first unit to reach the island and to raise the siege.

In November 1868, Governor Crawford resigned and became Colonel of the 19th Kansas Cavalry. One of its units, Company A, elected Allison Pliley as captain. No better selection could have been made. What this expedition proved was that scouting and leadership were outstanding attributes of the young captain.

The objective of the 19th, in conjunction with the 7th Cavalry, was to drive the Southern Plains Indians onto reservations. Most Kansans looked upon the expedition as a lark. It proved otherwise. Scarcely out of Topeka, rain fell. Kansas mud was deep and sticky. At Wichita, they learned that only five days' rations were on hand. A blizzard set in. The command found progress through the Canadian River canyons nigh impossible. To compound problems, the two assigned guides admitted they were lost. Perhaps worst of all, besides food, tobacco ran out. In desperation, Colonel Crawford turned to Captain Pliley for assistance.

Leading sixty selected men and horses Pliley proceeded directly to the Salt Fork of the Canadian, turned westward, and followed its course to its junction with Wolf Creek—the exact location of Camp Supply, their destination. He led Pepoon's Scouts (formerly Forsyth's Scouts of Beecher's Island fame) and supply wagons to the starving troops. By frontier savvy and the help of a good horse—Blossom— he had once more saved a unit from death's edge.

Later, at Fort Sill, the 19th soldiers, their worn-out horses recuperating at Fort Arbuckle, occupied themselves in hunting rattlesnakes, playing baseball, and in sponsoring centipede races. Captain Pliley's interest was in Blossom. This animal had succeeded in weathering a blizzard, in leading the way through treacherous terrain, and in guiding wag-

Wichita, Kansas in 1869.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

ons back to a foundered regiment. It was Blossom who had the energy and strength to carry the captain all the way.

Now, with time on his hands, opportunity came to show all the troops the speed of his mount. A race track was built, one mile long and ten feet wide. Competition was Star Face, Lieutenant McCallister's prized horse. The race took place February 5, 1869 and Blossom won. Four days later Blossom was stolen.

Sergeant James A. Hadley, company clerk of Company A throughout this expedition into Indian Territory, stated this of Captain Pliley's character: "He is one of the gentlest, most unselfish and least calculating of men, simple-minded and frank, a man of great intelligence and common sense. Forty years ago courage was unnoticed—it was taken for granted on the Plains; but Pliley's courage was noticeably different from that of his fellows. He delighted in a desperate situation. He was a natural leader. He never could or would tell of things about himself. . . ."

Not telling things about himself, he leads us to wonder what was implied in the words: when last seen, the horse-thieves were marching "towards the rising sun without arms." Had Western justice prevailed?

On the Road with the K of C Rodeo

(Continued from page 22)

pivots, kneeling down, lying down and sitting, the whole bit.

Miss Mayme was a beautiful lady and wore flashy Western clothing. She had a very fine act. Old Ed Wright, one of the clowns, just happened to have the darndest looking old white mule that could do everything Miss Mayme's stud could do, and Ed was always willing and eager to "help her out" with her act. Mayme Francis was a showlady deluxe, and would just keep wearing that beautiful smile and pass it off, but if you could have gotten a recording of her thoughts I expect they would have been: "I wish old Ed had that damn mule in Mississippi plowing cotton with him."

One Saturday in Newark, Tuffy Ferris, a good bronk-riding friend of mine, wasn't working so he started over to the grandstand to watch the afternoon performance. On the way he had to pass the pens where the Brahma steers were. A couple of girls were there with a big sack of chocolates. I had fed those old steers lots of cottonseed cake and they would almost take a sack away from you, so I guess they thought the girls had some cake and they were right at the fence. Tuffy started kidding these girls and told them that those steers wouldn't eat candy but he would. Tuffy took the girls on into the show and sat with them.

Their names were Gladys Booth and Mary Collins. They were bookkeepers in the Prudential Insurance Company home office there in Newark. Tuffy had sort of taken up with Gladys. I was up in the breakaway steer roping that afternoon as the Humane Society had stopped the calf roping. Cliff and I also picked up all the bucking horses. This Mary Collins asked Tuffy if he knew that slim kid out there with his shirt-tail out. He said, "Sure. He's my buddy," and told her my name.

She said, "Could I meet him?" and he said, "Sure. We'll go over to the barns after the show." Tuffy told her I looked after our saddle horses and bucking stock.

He brought the girls over after the show and made the introductions. I never paid much attention. I could see they weren't just the cheap kind of run-of-the-mill girls, but I was busy. I had to groom four horses and keep track of six committee saddles, halters etc., so I excused myself and went on about my work.

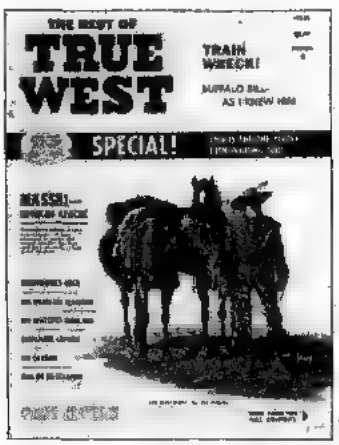
The next day being Sunday, the girls were back and this little Mary asked me if I would go to supper with her. She said Tuffy and Gladys were going also. Well, what could I do? I went. Later that evening Tuffy and I saddled some horses and took them riding. More about the girls later.

Things started happening to the show in Newark. We were trying to show out of doors, and it rained considerably. The Humane Society was bucking us; they'd stopped the calf roping. Then our advance man, also a bulldogger, had a little bad luck—he knocked a couple of steers down and broke off their horns. The Humane Society had him arrested. Of course the K of C bailed him right out.

We killed the steers for the Indians. It is surprising how fast a bunch of Indians can consume two steers. It wasn't long till the Indians were asking, "When does Coleman bulldog again?" All this wasn't helping us out any with the press.

Then to cap it off, Johnnie Kingham was catching bucking horses one morning and for some reason, after he caught this old horse, he handed the rope to a kid through the woven wire fence. The kid got a finger jerked off. We all felt sorry as the dickens for the boy but one thing we sure didn't need was a big lawsuit. So Johnnie had to get rid of his Western clothes. He got some civilian clothes, a little stiff straw hat and all, and lost himself in the crowds. We would spot him up in the grandstands watching the shows.

Detectives and lawyers kept bringing this boy to talk to me, being that Johnnie and I were the youngest on the show and my name was King and his Kingham, but the kid stayed in the buggy and would always say, "No, that isn't him."



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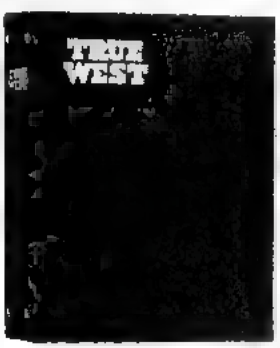

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WE HAD one girl with the outfit that was just starting to ride bronks. Her husband asked Cliff to give her some kind of an easy horse to ride for awhile. We had been letting her ride a blue and white paint we called Lizard. He jumped high but pretty slow—just kinda floated around and was real easy to ride. The Lady Bronk Riding was only an exhibition so it didn't make any difference.

Then Thelma decided she wanted to ride a harder bucking horse and asked Cliff to give her a tougher one. Cliff said he had this little bay horse we called "38," named after the brand on his shoulder. Cliff told her the horse was good in the chutes and sure wouldn't fall with her, but that he was a pretty tough little horse to ride. She said she thought she could handle him.

In the last performance in Newark they saddled 38 for Thelma. Cliff and I were picking up. Cliff told me we'd better stay pretty close to his horse as Thelma might have some trouble. When they opened the gate, 38 sure came out turning the crank. About the third jump we saw Thelma's head start popping. She was in deep trouble so we started picking him up. He was a fast bucking, hard kicking horse and a little difficult to get onto. Before we got him gathered, there had really been a bottom and cantle board battle. Thelma had lost her hat, her hair was down in her face, and she was out of wind.

When we set her on the ground Thelma said, "Whoee! What a ride! I guess I'd better stay with Old Lizard awhile."

There was another Lady Bronk Rider with the show who was anything but a beginner. Her name was Jessie Roberts, Johnnie Roberts' wife. I visited with her quite awhile one day in the big top. She told me they had a married daughter. I took her to be in her early forties. I believe she said they had been on Wild West Shows quite a bit.

Jessie was a real morale builder, always laughing and joking. She had less fear of a bucking horse than any other woman I ever knew. She laughed all the while she was on one, and when you picked her up she would hand you the hack rein and go down and jerk that flank strap just like a man—then squall like a panther. She dearly loved to ride bucking horses and was just one of the nicest persons to be around I have ever encountered.

Opal Woods always rode a big gray horse of Harry Walters called Rawlins Gray when her turn came up. He was a chute-fighting horse but bucked away from a snub horse real good and gave a good performance every time. Snubbing old Rawlins Gray was a job I inherited.

Though I have mentioned the personalities of only two or three of the people on the show, the whole bunch was a fine lot, everyone willing and eager to help each other. The show only paid a percent of the prizes at Newark and we shipped on over to Brooklyn.

AT THAT TIME there just hadn't been too many cowboys circulating around in that part of the country and most folks hardly knew what to think of us. Of course, there had been Wild West Shows like the Buffalo Bill Show and the 101 Show—concert shows with circuses—but those people usually ate at their own cook houses and slept in their own railroad cars, and stayed only short periods of time.

"Did you ever notice how many dead guys were named 'Rip'?"

The first time a bunch of us cowboys went into this Greek restaurant in Brooklyn with our big hats and boots on, the management acted scared to death. I guess they must have thought we either had to be Jesse James, Billy the Kid or Cherokee Bill, and they actually asked us to pay for our meals before they served us. When we explained that we were humans just like them they turned out to be real nice.

In Brooklyn we showed on Nostrand Avenue, about three blocks off Flatbush Avenue, where corrals and an arena had been constructed on some vacant lots. Rainy weather and the huge overhead was keeping the money drawer pretty empty. Other cities didn't want to take us on if we had been operating in the red, regardless of how good a show we had. And we did have a whale of a show, with a lot of the best rodeo talent in the business and lots of good tough stock. Johnnie Roberts threw a steer one performance in five seconds flat, believed at that time to be a world record.

Since we were just taking in enough money to keep us all eating and to feed the livestock, and the K of C was getting deeper in debt to the stock contractors, cowboys and cowgirls, they decided to take the show off the road. Everyone was anxious to be starting back West anyway, so they could get on their way to other rodeos.

All of the performers and stock were worthy of mention but I'll just list a few. Some of the tough bronk riders were Ad Garrett, Dutch Foster, Tuffy Ferris, Roy Mayes, Hank Potts, Dave Campbell, Norman Cowan, Lee Sepulveda, Leonard Ward and John Maggart.

Calf ropers: Lee Robinson, Herbert Mayes, Ike Rude, Louis Jones, Jack Brown and Herman Roark.

Bulldoggers: Scout Marsh, Buff Brady, Lem Carmen, Roy Mayes and Lou Peterson.

The double tough bucking horses were: California Frank's Teddy Roosevelt and Kaiser; Lem Carmen's Made in Germany, I Wanta, and Damn It; Lou Cogger's Old Black Jack; Cliff King's Chili Bean, Deer Trail, King Tut and School Girl.

Trick Riders were Hank Potts, Harry Walters, Buff Brady, Sammy Garrett, Rene Trickey, Rene Hafley and Donna Glouver.

Trick ropers were Johnnie Judd, Buff Jones, Bob Calen, Gordon Jones and Sammy Garrett.

Some of the lady bronk riders were Opal Woods, Jessie Roberts, Thelma Hunt, and Rene Hafley.

The clowns were Little Joe Hetzler, Ed Wright and Dave Campbell.

The band master was W. D. Howard; announcers were Tom Campbell and Slim Allen; and Cliff and I were pickup men. The judges I have forgotten.

Will Rogers was showing in New York City with the Ziegfield Follies while we were in Brooklyn. Some of the boys who knew him went over one rainy night.

The last performance was the wildest rodeo I ever saw. It was a night show. Quite a few of the contestants had celebrated a little too extensively so there were bucking horses, bulldogging steers, bucking brahmas, just one big conglomeration of Wild West activity going at one time, and Jimmy Shannon was out in the middle of the arena singing "Home, Home on the Range" through a megaphone.

MARY AND GLADYS, the girls from Newark, had gotten to be rodeo fans and came over to Brooklyn on the subway to the show two or three times. The more I was around Mary the more I got

to thinking that maybe she was meant for me.

One night as I was walking her to the subway I asked her how she would like to go home with me. She liked to have fell over and said, "Is that a proposal?" I said, "Well, you might call it that. I'll have to tell you one thing, though—where I'll be taking you out on our ranch there's just no one there."

She said, "You'll be there, won't you?" I said, "Yes, I'll be there."

"That's good enough for me," she said.

We wound up over in New York City in the borough of Manhattan on Saturday morning. Tex Sherman, our advance man, and his wife, and Herman Rouark and my sister-in-law Matt King went with us. Saturday was marrying day in New York City. There must have been seventy-five couples there—Chinese, Japanese, Negro, Mexican, you name it—plus one cowboy with an Irish bride.

Sherman was a pretty good promoter so he got to a justice of the peace and told him he had a couple of show people that they were holding up a train for. This big Irish J. P. took the bait and said, "Bring them in." His name was McCormick. He rattled off a few lines, we said our "I do," and then he said, "Try kissing your own wife once," and we were married. What a chance we took!

Mary had intended just leaving, then calling her folks, but we weakened with some persuasion from my sister-in-law. We called Mary's folks. I know it must have been quite a shock for them. I talked to her mother and she invited us over for dinner the next evening.

Johnnie Judd had met quite a girl there in Brooklyn. When he told her about us kids getting married, she and her sister and brother-in-law thought they'd better throw a big party for us. What a party! Mary and I slipped away about three o'clock in the morning. We had just got home and here came the whole bunch from the party. They decided we needed to go to Rockaway Beach. After a tour of the beach and a few drinks we returned to the rodeo.

By then it was time for Mary and me to go to Newark to meet the new in-laws. I was so tired by that time I expect they thought I was about the deadest kid they had ever seen, but they were real nice people. They gave us their blessings and a hundred dollars for a wedding present.

With the show finished, the marrying over and the meeting of the in-laws taken care of, we were ready to start back West except for one thing. It seems the head honcho of the K of C in Denver who had to okay the release of the money to move the train, had gone to the mountains on a fishing trip. There we sat in Brooklyn for three days while they looked for this guy.

During the waiting period the Indians got to circulating around in the residential district. When the people found out the Indians wouldn't scalp them they started giving the Indians old clothing, especially hats. It wasn't unusual to see a big Indian coming down Flatbush Avenue wearing some lady's Easter bonnet of a few years back, maybe being followed by his little fat wife decked out in some gentlemen's hard-shelled caddy hat. It was funny.

We sold a few of our bareback horses to some Italians to make into coal-wagon horses. The last I saw of an old big bay horse we called "Snip," he was going down a side street running like a bat out of hell with about thirty feet of rope dragging. I wonder if they ever caught him.

California Frank Hafley, being the old pro showman that he was, had seen the handwriting on the wall and had lined up some exhibition shows down the coast someplace. He took some of his stock, Miss Mayme Francis, his daughter Rene, and hired a few of the boys from the show to go with them. He sent some of his horses and steers home with Cliff and me.

After the three-day hold up which seemed like an eternity, we were all loaded. The engineer pulled the tooter on the engine and we were headed back to what we called "God's Country." Of course, Mary and I took quite a bit of ribbing and every once in a while one of the older fellows would warn me not to expect our marriage to last too long, they had seen it tried and those Eastern girls just wouldn't stay put on ranches out West. Some of them said Mary would stay two weeks; others would give her a month; and a few said she might even last six months. One or two asked what I thought about her staying. Of course, I didn't know so I'd just say, "Hell, I don't know. I guess she'll stay till she gets tired of me."

On our way back we were routed through Kansas. I don't know just how it happened but Cliff and a stock contractor by the name of Art Carpenter from Cheyenne, Wyoming worked some kind of a deal to get the carload of roping calves that belonged to the K of C in Denver set off at Goodland, Kansas. We had put two of our horses in with them at the last feed stop. This was a little protective measure to see that we got paid for the use of the stock. My father and mother met the train at Goodland. Mary and I went with them. We had located some grass close to Goodland to leave the stock on to rest up two or three weeks, then another boy and I came back and trailed them three days down to our ranch north of Syracuse, Kansas.

THE TRAIN pulled on into Denver and the show broke up. Cowboys and cowgirls scattered to the four winds from whence they came. Cliff shipped his stock on to a big rodeo in Salt Lake City. We were all rather skeptical as to whether or not we would ever get what money we had coming as there were lots of rodeos being promoted in those days that didn't have the proper financing behind them.

If you worked one of them and it didn't pay off, you were just out. The Turtle Association hadn't come into being yet, demanding guaranteed purses for the contestants and stock contractors.

Rodeos that didn't pay off were called Bloomers. I believe everyone that had money coming from the K of C was eventually paid. That is too fine an or-

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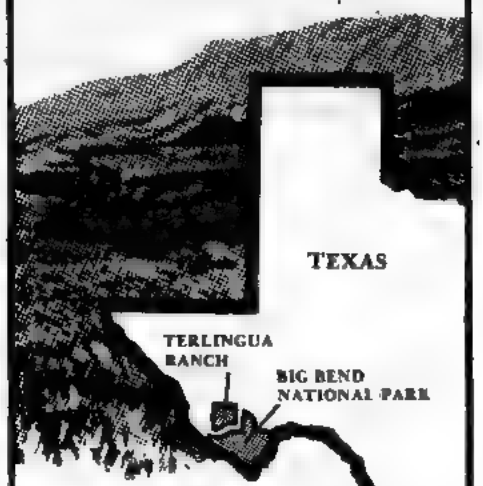

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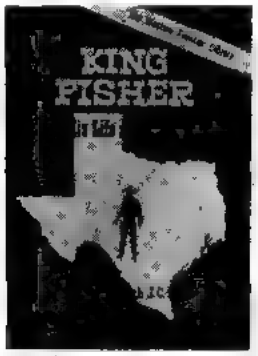

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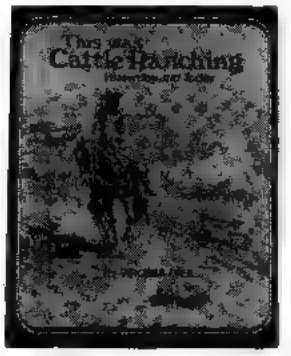

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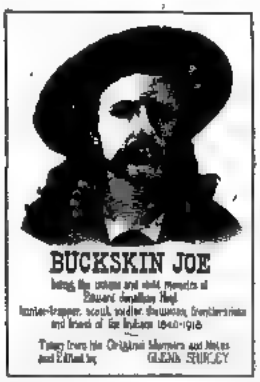

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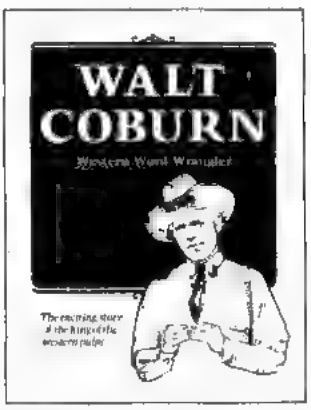

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ganization to leave anyone holding the sack for very long.

I HAVE always felt that had we carried rain insurance from the start or if we had waited thirty days to start the show it would have been a big success. People really liked the show. However, it's always easier to look back than it is forward. Maybe so, maybe no.

I have never quite figured out why the Humane Society was so rough on us. We fed our stock good and sure didn't abuse them intentionally. Every day while we were playing there, we could see little thin sore-footed dray horses being worked on trash routes etc. This was kind treatment?

The man who had the cowboy band on the show was an optometrist from my old hometown, Garden City, Kansas. The band was made up of musicians from Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado. In 1949 Mary started needing glasses. We were operating a ranch up at Yuma, Colorado, so we took off a few days and went to Garden City for a visit and to see about getting Mary fitted for glasses. She went to this same optometrist. When she told him who she was, he told her to have me come in that afternoon. As I walked in he handed me one of the programs from that first performance at Providence, Rhode Island. We both had a good laugh over Dave Flying Hawk riding King Tut and reminisced over the whole experience we had shared twenty-five years earlier.

In 1924 there was a very popular song being sung almost every place back East. The name of this song was "That Old Gang of Mine." One of the main lines in it was "Gee, but I'd give the world to see that old gang of mine." At that time it was just a beautiful tune but as the years have rolled by and taken their toll of the old K of C gang, I imagine that the few who are left (which is just a handful) feel the same as I do whenever I think of that old tune, and say to themselves, "Gee, but I'd give the world to see that old gang of mine."

As the years flew by, I became more aware that I was probably the biggest winner on that show. Not in dollars and cents, but I had gained a world of valuable experience and most of all I had gained one of the best lifetime companions and wife that ever jerked a hot pan of biscuits out of an oven. There's just no way to measure that in dollars and cents.

We raised four wonderful children right through the time when this country was suffering its worst drought and depression. She was right at my side lending her support and encouragement. How wrong those boys were in their predictions about her not staying. They had just never seen her caliber tried.

I am still carrying out that big Irish justice of the peace's instructions about kissing my wife. Maybe a little of the buzz is gone but the love is still there. All of this goes to show you that picking a wife is somewhat like going to work on some of the early-day ranches. You go to the corral the first morning and there is a pen full of horses. The old hands won't tell the new hand anything, so you look and look and finally catch a good-looking horse. The old hands snicker a little. The horse paws your hat off, kicks you in the belly, and gets away from you.

The next ranch you go to work on, you go down to the corral the first morning and you rope the first one that comes by. There's no snickering by the old hands because you've caught one that you can pen a bobcat on or rope a passenger train off of, and he'll carry you to the end of the trail. I guess that's just the way the frog hops in this old life. See you around.

By-the-Book Lawman

(Continued from page 15)

later with Herefords. He also found time to serve his district in the state legislature.

And then once more he was called to serve the law, this time as warden of the Idaho Penitentiary at Boise. John took office April 1, 1909, and his second son, Fred, was born during the eight years he was warden. John plunged into this assignment with all his strength, and instigated many changes to help the inmates. But he also ran the prison the usual way—by the book.

However, there was one page in John's book that most other wardens never bothered to read. He believed sincerely that a prisoner was first and foremost a human being. Even a hardened criminal deserved the chance to change, and the only way it could be done was to give him the opportunity to regain his place in the world, and regain it with dignity. That was part and parcel of justice to John. Strict discipline, yes, but also kindness and special consideration when it was deserved.

By knowing the outcome without a doubt as to its ever changing, an inmate could become essentially his own jailer—he knew he'd get whatever reward he had earned. John believed a warden had to be worthy of a prisoner's trust, and if he wasn't, he was a criminal himself. Yet he tolerated no nonsense of any kind and backed it up with action.

One time when a prisoner escaped, John got on a horse and personally tracked him down. When caught the prisoner said with disgust, "Warden, why couldn't you have just sent someone to find me and not come yourself? Then I would have had a chance!"

In 1917 John resigned to return to his beloved ranch near Salmon City, and the next few years were quiet ones. But in 1924, he answered the phone and found Idaho's governor, Charley Moore, on the line. "We've got a lot of trouble here, John," the governor said. "Cuddy, our warden, is in the hospital very sick, and the prisoners are rioting. I can hear them right here in my office, and I'm afraid it's going to be worse if something isn't done fast. Could you possibly come to Boise and take over until Cuddy is back?"

JOHN SNOOK had no intention of leaving his ranch for any length of time, but to temporarily help out when he was needed was a thing he knew he had to do, and he lost no time in getting to Boise.

The convicts were in the dining room having breakfast when John walked in, showing no fear or anxiety of any kind. Surprise brought total silence to the room when some of the inmates recognized their former warden. In John's words, "I told them I'd listened to their 'music' all night but had no intention of listening any more. I told them there were enough of them there that knew I maintained discipline, and there would

Men sort their belongings at the top of Chilkoot Pass, readying themselves for the next step in their search for riches.

be no rioting permitted or somebody was going to be killed.

"One big bruiser stood up and hollered, 'Boo!' I told my old captain of the guards to put him in solitary. I told the rest of them to report for work that morning, which they did, and that was the end of the riot."

Again, in his calm, unaffected, by-the-book way, John's record spoke for itself. Two weeks later Cuddy died, and John again took office as warden and moved his family back to Boise.

Things ran smoothly once more in the Boise prison, but in other parts of the nation a lot of muddy water was being stirred up. A full investigation of all wardens was started. In Atlanta, Georgia the warden was indicted for accepting bribes, and an agent of the FBI was put in charge of that penitentiary. It was a long way from Boise, Idaho but the ringing of the telephone in John's office brought the two towns right together. Attorney General Sargent, serving under President Coolidge, was on the line. John's heart may have jumped, but he answered calmly and then listened as Sargent asked him to come to Washington, D. C., "for consultation with reference to taking over the wardenship of Atlanta." Obviously, John's record had been investigated along with all the others, but his certainly hadn't been found wanting.

It was a challenge he couldn't refuse. On January 15, 1925, he became warden of Atlanta, and his third son, Quinton, was born in the warden's home there.

John found himself in a position few men would have cared to tackle. The prison with its thousands of inmates had been run with such corruption that there was no discipline other than bribery and cruelty, and was so jam-packed with every kind of criminal that just sorting them out was almost an impossibility. But John pitched in and one of his first accomplishments was to instigate legislation that created another prison solely for dope addicts. This took 1,000 men out of Atlanta and gave him more working room.

It is interesting that one of John's most infamous prisoners was the warden he had replaced! On the other hand, possibly his most famous prisoner was Earl Carroll, one of New York's best known theatrical producers. Carroll had been sent to serve a term on a charge of perjury stemming from a backstage party given by him in a friend's honor. Federal prohibition agents had put the party under scrutiny, and justly or not, Carroll went to jail for his testimony to shield innocent persons.

The April 7, 1928 issue of *Liberty* magazine carried an article written by Carroll, entitled "Stars and Bars," in which he told his life's story. In the section dealing with his arrest Carroll wrote, in part, "I died a thousand times in those days following my arrest. I imagined everybody was looking at me as though I had been branded as a human monster."

Carroll went on to tell of the prison nurses who cared for him and how their fortitude inspired him. Then he wrote, "Every night Warden Snook would come to ask how I was feeling. I'd tell him 'Great!' and he'd say that it wasn't nearly as bad as I seemed to think it was.

"One evening I looked up from my cot to see the warden. 'I heard you're very fond of ice cream,' he said, with a friendly smile. 'We had some over at my house tonight and I brought you a dish of it.'

"I lay awake nearly all night thinking. I could still see Warden Snook standing at my bedside, with the light of kindness beaming from his keen, intelligent eyes. I thought of the prison physician, Dr. Nellans. He had left me to myself for days. He seemed to know that some fellows, when they're down, live in mortal dread of contact with men of their own mental caliber. He, too, was a Colossus of understanding.

"The cobwebs which had cluttered my mind vanished. Suddenly it crashed into my consciousness that the first gentle treatment I had received was from those I had expected to be the most severe. So I resolved to turn my gaze from that moment to the Main Gate of the penitentiary, through which living men pass to freedom, and to forget the East Gate, through which the dead are liberated. And next morning I told them that, no matter how I'd be received by society, I'd carry on. I had been in prison eighteen days, and within six weeks I was on my feet again and had regained twenty-two pounds of my normal weight."

John Snook was humbly proud of Carroll's rehabilitation. The following year, 1929, he had another reason to be proud —he was elected president of the Wardens' Association of the United States.

FAIR TREATMENT of all his prisoners was a great part on John Snook's secret in being able to run efficient, trouble-free institutions, because he was as strict in maintaining his honesty with them as he was in keeping tight discipline. But this fine quality was to lead to his first defeat.

It began when Mabel Walker Willebraith was assistant Attorney General, in charge of internal revenue and prisons. She took it upon herself to mount a campaign against illegal liquor operations in the United States, and came up with the idea of putting her agents in Atlanta, posing as genuine prisoners. They were to make friends with other inmates, and having gained their confidence, wheedle information on bootlegging activities on the outside.

John was furious when he learned of her plans. He absolutely refused to allow this sneaky, under-handed spying to go on in his prison and told her so in no uncertain terms. That simply wasn't by-the-book.

Recalling this unpleasant time, John said, "My prisoners trusted me, and I told Mabel so. She said, 'Do it or I'll fire you!' I just defied her and said, 'I will not do it. And I'll fight your authority to change my policy or to oust me from my job.'"

Now in distinct opposite corners, the opponents took their fight all the way up the political line to President Coolidge's desk—and Mabel took the fall! "No," the President told her flatly,

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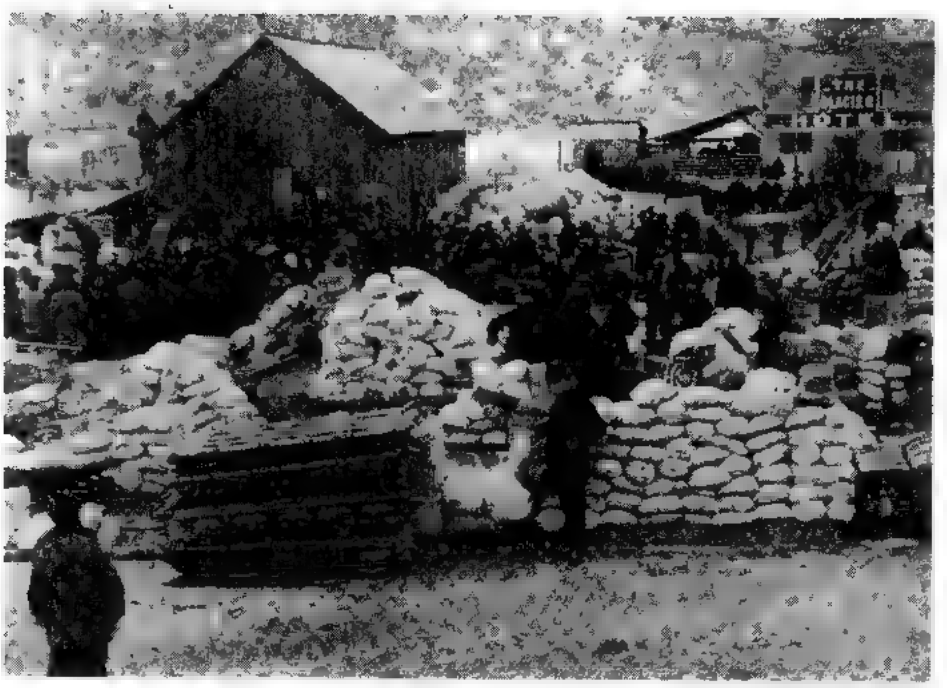

Dyea, Alaska in 1897.

"Snook has done too good a job of cleaning up the prison mess, and I don't want to interfere. As long as I am President of this country, Snook will be warden of Atlanta."

That should have ended it, but John didn't think it would, so he became very watchful of anything unusual around the prison. Then, late one night under cover of darkness, a U. S. Marshal arrived with a prisoner, and John had his first reason to be suspicious. This wasn't the way inmates entered his prison! His doubts were confirmed when his private investigation turned up the truth—the new inmate had never ever been convicted of a crime, and was in fact Mabel's agent.

John kept quiet about his discovery until the time came when she called and told him to discharge the man. John answered her order by saying, "No, I won't turn him loose. And the only way you can get your spy out of my prison will be through an order from the Federal District Court."

Mabel literally threw a fit, but it did no good. All she could do was to come to visit her agent in his cell, where he was being treated exactly like all the other inmates. It was a whole month later when it dawned on Mabel Willebraith that she could get her agent transferred to another prison if Atlanta was overcrowded, so she had him moved to Leavenworth where the warden immediately signed a release.

Twice more Mabel used this ploy, each time having her spy transferred from Atlanta to Leavenworth to freedom. Then Herbert Hoover was elected President, and Mitchell became Attorney General. Without knowing the full details of the prisoner battle, he acknowledged that Mabel did have the authority to fire and hire wardens. This vindictive female soon had John on the phone and asked for his resignation. "Well, if there's going to be the same practice, I'm glad to resign," he said, adding, "I don't want to be connected with any such administration."

On April Fool's day, John took receipt for his 3,400 prisoners and left office. Once he had quietly quelled a riot in another prison, and now he listened as the inmates came near rioting to protest his leaving. They banged tin cups on cell bars and screamed their anger. Years later, one of them who went 'legit' after his parole sent John a gold watch from New York City. On the back was inscribed simply, "To the best man I ever knew."

As John left Atlanta that day, this by-the-book lawman carried with him photostatic copies of all the false commitment papers Mabel had forged for her agents. He gave them personally to Idaho's famous Senator Borah, who in turn handed them to the chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. As prison director, Mabel herself was now under investigation. And she resigned.

John W. Snook received many job offers, and until 1931 he held two lucrative administrative positions with private business in the East. But through all the years he kept his ranch near Salmon City, adding to it all the time. And in October that year he moved his family back there to stay.

Until his death in 1975 John's mind was alert, and his body proudly erect. He loved to visit with people who were interested in his days as lawman, always scorning the conflicting statutes that today protect the criminal.

"I'm glad I don't have to contend with all the laws we now have," he said on more than one occasion. "I liked it better when the ones that existed were enforced and respected."

Many present-day officers would agree with him.

About the Cover Artist

(Continued from page 5)

I. He also was offered a chance to go to the War Zone to do action sketches but in the end declined and continued to do posters especially for the Signal Corps.

Insistence by a fellow artist and friend, Frank Stick, that the Koerners move to Interlaken, New Jersey, prompted their departure from Wilmington in 1917. Close to his major markets (New York and Philadelphia) Interlaken was to become his home base and chief work site for the rest of his life.

FROM 1924 to 1935 Koerner went West each summer to gather material. A friend's ranch on the Crow Reservation in Montana generally drew him; though, on occasion, he made specific trips to other Western states, including Texas.

Among the objects in his studio at Interlaken collected during this period were a buffalo skull, powder flask and old firearms. Eventually he had enough such items to fill a museum.

Koerner felt that as things age, like people, they acquire character and that was one reason why his studio was cluttered with all manner of items. He liked to tell the story of walking down the railroad tracks near Wilmington and spotting an Italian laborer wearing an incredibly dirty and torn shirt—but full of character. Koerner had to have that shirt. He swapped his own for the ragged one and carried it home on a pole where he boiled it in kerosene and water. The old shirt bespoke hardship, adventure and the rawness of life—the very things Koerner's paintings reflected.

Koerner's daughter Ruth described how most summers she and her brother accompanied their parents to Montana. Their 1924 Buick carried on its running board a tent, "blowbeds" which were pumped up each night, and three cans —one each for gas, oil and water. Pots, pans and bedding were wrapped in tarpaulin and stashed on the running board and back bumper. Tucked in with the kids were Koerner's crayons, paints and sketchbooks. The trip through Minnesota, North Dakota, and on to fabled Montana was ever a new adventure.

Montana was a place where Koerner could observe cattle, cowboys and Indians under conditions similar to fifty years before. When the work was done, a rodeo was held. Bozeman, Billings, Sheridan and Cody were filled with Old West types who came for the event. The stock used was fresh off the range—wild and free—and Koerner sketched it all. The *Saturday Evening Post* paid Koerner $1,000 per magazine cover, which was top dollar in the '20s and '30s.

The artist also had a sense of fun. He helped revive the annual old-timers' fish fry in Cooke, Montana by doing sketches for the occasion, including one of the A-O Saloon. Cooke veterans who claimed that you could lose not only your shirt but your pants too at the gambling tables, called it Ass-Out Saloon, but generally it was simply called the A-O and its poker chips were so engraved.

Koerner continued his yearly trek West until 1936 when illness struck and

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he was no longer able to hold a brush. He died in August 1938.

W. H. D. Koerner has deservedly received the highest ranking among illustrators. A superb sketch artist, he married this skill to a mastery of color and an uncompromising dedication to accuracy.

Perhaps his finest compliment was paid by an old Montana cowboy who sought out Mrs. Koerner and said, "Say, lady, maybe you don't know it but you're married to a great man. I've said it to myself many's the time sittin' o'nights lookin' at them pictures he done of the West. He's a great man. I've got 'em hung up in my cabin and no matter how drunk I get, I never get so drunk I don't think he's a great man. He tells the truth."

Sources: Mrs. Lillian Koerner's notes; Rowland Elzea, Curator of Collections, Delaware Art Museum; *Hoofprints*, Vol. 4, No. 2, 1974; "W. H. D Koerner and Montana" published by The Montana Historical Society, 1971.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

among the loose rocks. The powder can was nowhere to be found. He knew it was there, firmly believing diligence and hard work would yield the container and its golden store.

Eventually he told close friends of his daughter's story and the rock slide. They scoffed at his account and laughed away his treasure hunt. Undaunted, he consulted a local medium, asking her if she could pinpoint a large quantity of gold on the hill above the Hope Mine. After prolonged deliberation, the medium directed him to the talus slope precisely where his daughter had first specified, but, cautioned the mystic, her vision informed her the gold was to be found under several feet of rock.

The miner returned to his quest with renewed effort. Still the gold eluded him. Soon thereafter, fall snows postponed his work, and before the spring thaw, tragedy ended his search altogether.

Fire swept the Hope Mine the night of April 7, 1896. Trapped and buried forever were seven men—among the victims, some say, was the father who had worked so hard to find his daughter's treasure of yellow sand. Lost, too, in collapsed tunnels and shafts at the 200-foot level, was the golden vein which had yielded its ore in secret only to hide it again. Years of neglect now add their cloak of mystery on top of the treasure's rock blanket.

Trucks and tourists rush through Basin today in a hurry to be someplace else. Along the sides of Kleinsmith Gulch, on the mountain above the old Hope Mine, a new generation of raspberry bushes awaits the diligent picker come summertime. And somewhere, one rock away (or a dozen), are a broken mortar and pestle, and an old black powder can of the purest powdered gold.

THE WORKING GIRL

IN 1899 the Omaha *Daily News* published an article on qualifications young women needed to gain employment and "financial independence" in Omaha. It had interviewed a number of companies that hired large numbers of girls and women. These are their comments:

M. C. Feriers of the Bemis Omaha Bag Company—"We take girls who are inexperienced and where they are placed depends largely on their physique. For instance, in some departments tall girls can be used to best advantage, and in some lines of work a delicate girl would quickly tire while at other lines of work she can make a success. They sew, turn and pile bags, starting at $2.50 a week and working up to $2 a day. Rapidity counts for everything in this work, for it is paid by the piece. Of course good education [can] help a girl to use her physical power to better advantage. What we want are girls of good common sense, level heads, good character and muscular force. Once started at the work, a girl finds that her advancement depends entirely upon herself."

C. E. Yost, President Nebraska Telephone Company—"In the first place our girls have all classes of people to deal with, the good-natured, sensible businessman and the dyspeptic. Consequently the applicant for a position on our force must above all things have a good disposition. She must be able to suffer in silence. As a rule we prefer high school graduates, or at least those who have led strictly a home life. She must be of good character, bright, quick, and able to concentrate her mind on her work. The last is most important for on many days we have as high as 40,000 connections at this office.

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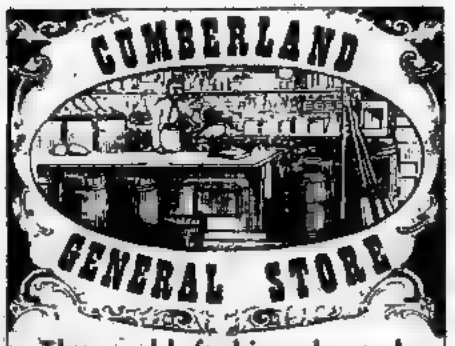
J. R. Evans of the City Steam Laundry—"Carefulness and rapidity are essential for a girl to make a success in our work. We take inexperienced girls and place them at the mangles, where the flat work is done. For this they receive $3.50 a week. From this they are advanced to plain ironing by hand, then to the starched hand work. Or if they prefer machine work, they can pass to the machine for ironing wrist bands, then yokes, next body ironers, and finally bosoms.

"But the most particular work is that of ironing the entire shirt by hand. We have some very fastidious customers, who have their shirts made to order, and insist on hand ironing."

J. L. Brandeis & Sons—"Honesty and good common sense we regard as the first essentials of a good business woman or clerk. A tidy appearance is much needed, and the refined, intelligent, edu-

(Continued on page 54)



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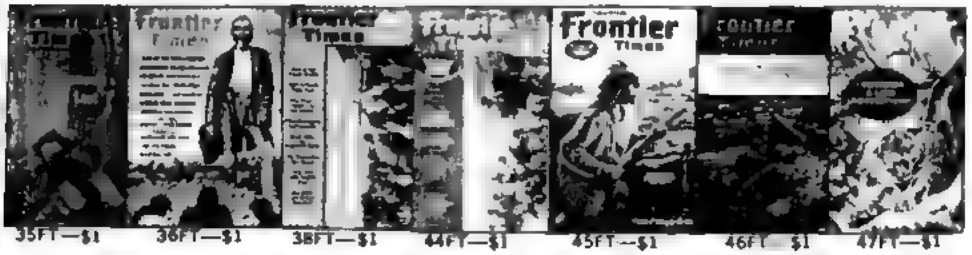

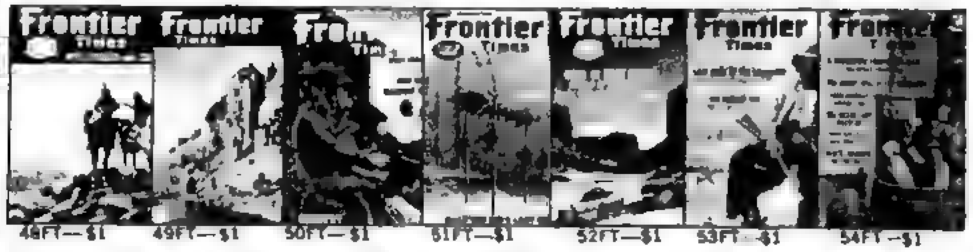

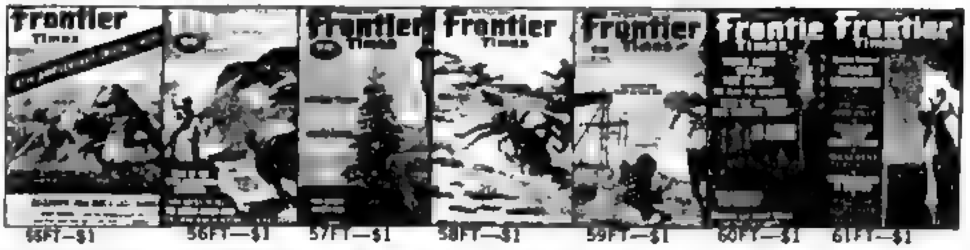

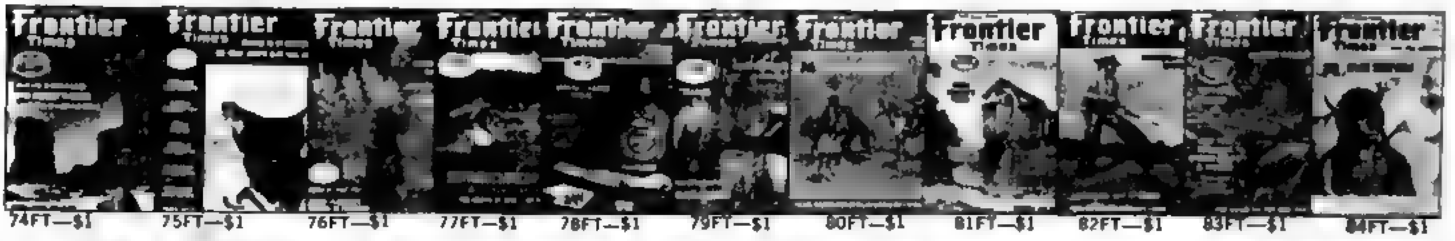

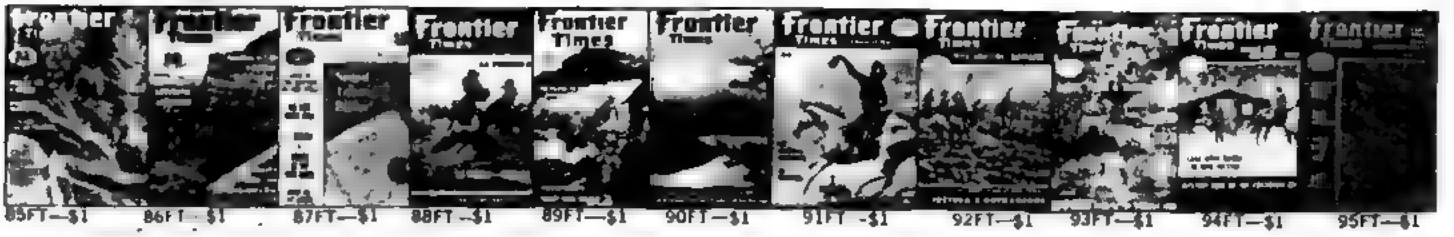

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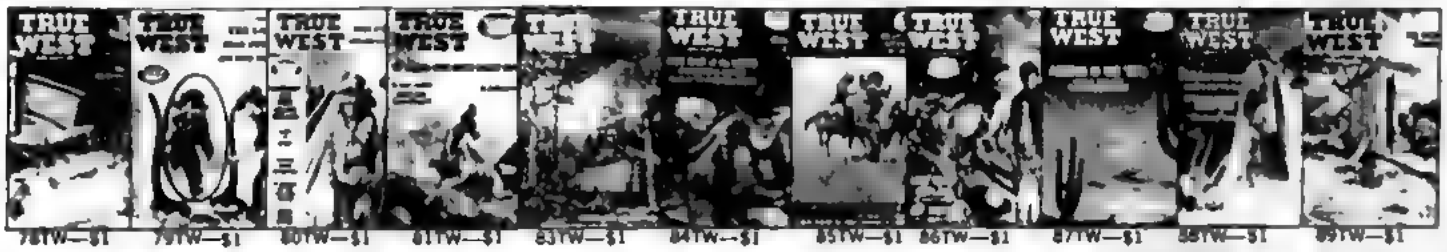
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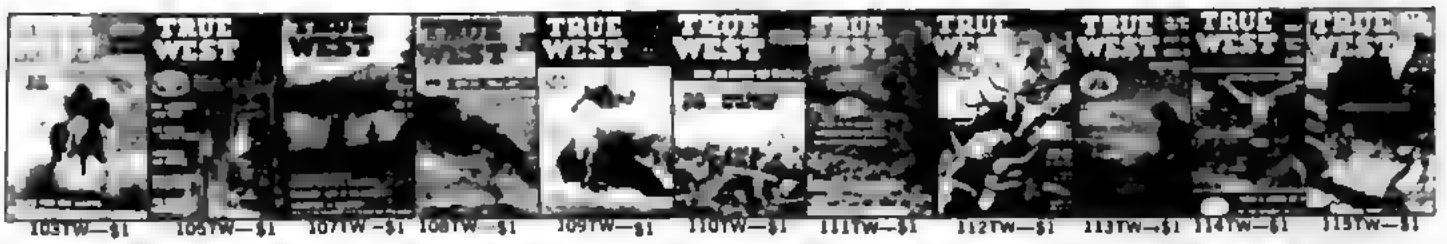
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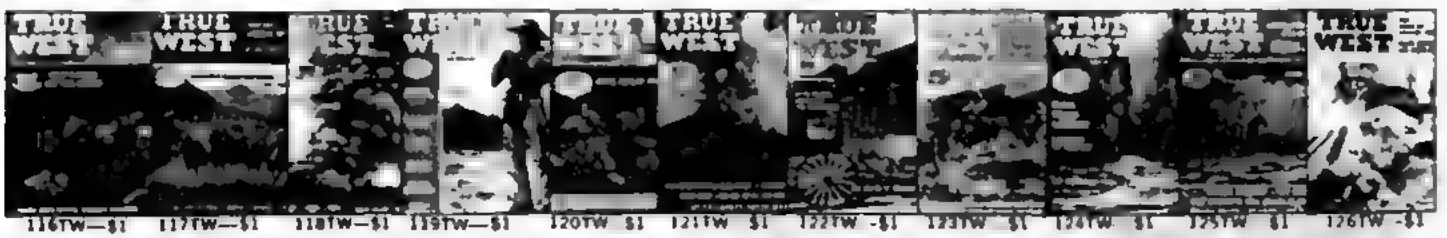
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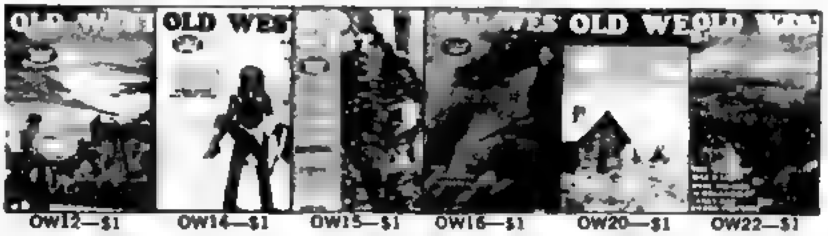

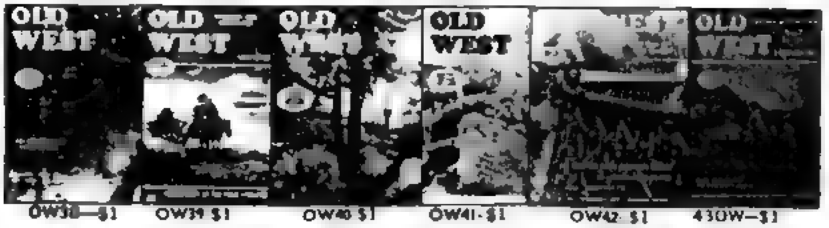

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cated girl is always given preference. A good education is the only preparation needed for a successful business life started in our store. Experience, attention and hard work do the rest.

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—Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.

CRIMINAL ACTIVITY IN WESTERN KANSAS

THERE WERE nefarious happenings along the Kansas Pacific railroad in western Kansas in 1872. This informa-

(Continued on page 56)

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Mansfield-Rowley-Metcalf

My father William D. Mansfield, was raised in Knox County, Ohio. His parents arrived from England on a four-mast schooner just before the Civil War. I would like to know his parents' given names if possible, also Grandmother's maiden name. Most of the family resided in Gambier and Mt. Vernon, Ohio. I saw them last when I was four years old. I was baptized into the Episcopalian Church while we were there on a visit in 1894 (?).

My father's sisters, as I recall, were Nellie (unmarried at the time); Mrs. Metcalf and Mrs. Rowley. Aunt Esther and Helen lived near enough that we saw one another often. Cousin Louise Metcalf married a one-time pitcher who played with Columbus, Ohio and the Brooklyn Dodgers. My father's brothers were John and Joe. One of them had a daughter named Helen.

I heard that Grandmother had a brother who went to Salt Lake City with the Mormons. At 87 and just retired, I still hope for news.—A. F. Mansfield, P. O. Box 1085, El Centro, California 92243

Barkley-Black-Pitman-Fletcher-Beam-Wann

My grandparents, Alfred and Winnie (Brown) Barkley, lived in Kentucky but moved to Illinois before the War Between the States. They moved back to Kentucky after the war and then to somewhere near Jasper, Tennessee about 1872.

Their sons were John B. (my father), Tom, Will, and Jim. Their daughters were Harriet, Martha, Caroline, and Francess. My father married my mother, Melissa Blancett, at Jasper, Tennessee on August 25, 1878. They moved to Marshall County, Alabama later that same year.

Of Harriet Barkley I dimly remember being told she married a man by the name of Black. All my father's other sisters came down to Alabama for a time (this was all before I was born). Martha married Seveir Pitman, Caroline married John Fletcher, and Francess married Jim Beam. They all moved to Texas or somewhere West.

My Uncle Tom married my mother's sister, Jane Blancett, but they were divorced. They had one child, Ada, who married Jim P. Wann, and they also moved to Texas. Uncle Tom seems to have married a number of times from what I've learned. He had two sons, one named John and one named Jim. They went West too. I've heard they settled around Bullard and Tyler. But I have never known anything about any of their families.

Of the Jim Beam family I've seen one of the sons, George. He visited us when I was a little girl (about the year 1906). I would greatly appreciate hearing from any of the descendants of these families for I am the last one living of my family. In case any of the relatives should be interested, my grandmother, Winnie Barkley, was buried at Haney's Chapel Cemetery in May 1879.—Mrs. Leila B. Caston, P. O. Box 95, Burnsville, Mississippi 38833

Herald

Lewis Herald was born in Baltimore, Maryland about 1838 and appeared in the 1850 Baltimore census. His parents and sisters appeared in the Johnstown, Pennsylvania 1860 census, but there was no record of Lewis. Family tradition says that he fought for the Union in the Civil War, but no record of service has been found. His mother's obituary (1911) states that he was somewhere in the West; the family has always referred to him as a wanderer, but we have no record of where he might have gone. The name might also be spelled Harold, Harrold, Herold, Herrold.

The family came from Germany, perhaps about 1820. Lewis' mother was born about 1815 in Bremen. If anyone has any information on this man please contact me.—Mary C. Maier, 2609 Hillcrest Avenue NW, Roanoke, Virginia 24012

House

Christian Haus came from Alpenter-Staden, near Welzlar, in the Duchy of Salms, Germany, starting in January, 1708 and landing in July, 1709. Apparently his wife died during the voyage, as he married a Catherine Becker in 1710. They settled in the Mohawk Valley, New York. He came with members of his family but we do not know their names. The name Haus was changed to House in 1725. I found where a Ury House and company lived on land that belonged to Sir William Johnson of Mohawk. There is a book entitled *The House Family of the Mohawk*, by Melvin Rhodes Shaver of Ransomville, New York, published in 1942 but I cannot find a copy. There was Harmonius House who was a member of Butler's Rangers.

My great-great-grandfather, Phillip House, married a Florence Phoebe L—— in 1831, and lived at Bartonville then Caistor Township, Canada. My grandfather, Richard House, married a Florence Phoebe Garner. There were also Houses who were involved in the Hatfield-McCoy feud in Kentucky. Another House helped to settle Phoenix, Arizona. There was an R. E. House who in 1881, with James Laney, planted orange groves in Pomona Valley, California.

We would like to find Orrena Hanley of Toronto, Canada, as it is said she has written some on our family. My grandmother, Jessie Elnora Conut, had a sister who settled many years ago in Long Beach, California. I would appreciate hearing from descendants of the House family or anyone who might have information or family stories, and dates.—Jackie Gretzinger, 9805 Linden Ave., Bloomington, California 92316

LaBarge

I am very interested in Joseph Marie LaBarge, who was supposed to have been killed on LaBarge Creek near what is now LaBarge, Wyoming. There was only one man by that name who came from Canada about 1811. LaBarge was an engagé for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company in 1824 and 1825.

He was with a fur brigade under the leadership of James Clyman. They were shooting elk early in the spring on what is now LaBarge Creek. They were attacked by the Arapahoes and LaBarge was supposed to have been killed. They came back the next morning and the body had disappeared. There the matter ends.

There is partial proof that LaBarge died of old age in St. Louis, Missouri. What I want to know is how he got back. This man is not to be confused with his son, who was a famous Mississippi River steamboat captain.—Vincent Guyette, Box 172, LaBarge, Wyoming 83123

John Calvin Cole

I would like to hear from anyone having any information on John Calvin Cole. He was born in Mississippi around 1853. At one time he lived in or around Cleburne, Johnson County, Texas. He was a clerk in a store in Cleburne when my grandfather, Calvin Colby Cole, was born in 1884. Later the family homesteaded in an area around Mustang, Oklahoma. He is buried in the Mustang Cemetery next to both of his wives and a son, John S. Cole. His mother's maiden name was Mary Tolbert and his father's J. Cole.—Charles Cole, 3229 Orange St., National City, California 92050

Starnat(d)er

My great-grandfather, Riley Starnater, and his wife Belle (Davis) Starnater lived on a farm in Limestone County, Texas near the community of Mt. Calm. They lived in that area from the middle 1870s until the early 1900s.

He was a stockman by trade, usually tending cattle for other people. I would be more than grateful for any information about my great-grandparents.—J. R. Starnader, 8225 S. Mestina, Houston, Texas 77078

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 54)

tion was printed by the *Kansas Tribune*, Lawrence, on November 27 of that year.

"A few days since, the body of a dead person was found on Butte Creek about nine miles from Wallace, with his throat cut and a bullet hole through his head. The remains, on being brought into Wallace, were identified as those of a hunter named Bennett. The body was considerably decayed and it is thought he must have been killed nearly two months ago. About three months or more since, Bennett and a partner named Tom Miles started out on a buffalo hunting expedition with a team and wagon belonging to the former. Sometime afterwards Miles returned to Wallace with Bennett's team and wagon and a load of hides and buffalo meat which he disposed of, then put off immediately. The people of Wallace believe that Miles killed Bennett, though there is nothing but circumstantial evidence.

"Two weeks ago a freight train was laid to on the siding at Grinnell for the night, and left in the charge of a section boss by the conductor. During the night some parties broke open one of the cars and carried away almost its entire contents. The robbing was only discovered the next morning when the conductor came to take charge of the train. The thieves had carried the goods away in wagons, as tracks of wagon wheels were seen around the gutted car. Two persons with some of the stolen goods in their possession have been arrested. The sheriff of Hays City has a clue to the other robbers and is on their track. One of the persons arrested was an employee of the K. P. Railway Company—a coal heaver. . . .

"An Iowa farmer not long since on his way to Colorado with a herd of a hundred and fifty head of cattle while at Wilson station received a telegram from home informing him that a member of his family was lying very dangerously ill. He felt obliged to return. He hired three men to drive his cattle towards their destination, telling them when he would probably rejoin them. He left also in their charge a good team and wagon and three extra horses. The men had been recommended to him by some citizens of Wilson and he had no reason to mistrust them.

"He returned to Iowa and was glad to find that the member of his family who had been sick was partially recovered. He started west again in a day or two, this time taking his family with him. Upon reaching the point where he had agreed to meet the three hired men with his cattle they were not there. . . . He has hunted in every direction but up to last Monday had heard nothing of his cattle. The herd of cattle, the horses and the wagon comprised all of this unfortunate man's earthly possessions. He is left almost penniless with a large family. . . .

"Undoubtedly the hired men are attempting to get away with the fine herd and have probably gone north towards the Union Pacific road, where they will try to dispose of their ill-gotten gains. The owner—that is, the former owner—of the cattle has telegraphed to different points on the Union Pacific railroad and hopes still to secure his property." The *Good* Old Days?—*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.*

Jim Levy: Top-Notch Gunfighter

(Continued from page 26)

Charlie Harrison was one of the best known sporting men west of the Missouri River, according to Bat Masterson. He also noted Harrison's reputation as a fighter: "He was of an impetuous temperament, quick of action, of unquestioned courage and the most expert man I ever saw with a pistol. He could shoot faster and straighter when shooting at a target than any man I ever knew. . . ."

Harrison's wife verified Bat's comments by recalling three occasions when her husband was brought home with bullets in his body. He had killed a man in Pittsburgh and been badly wounded himself. His other scrapes had taken place in various eastern cities. At this time Harrison, his wife and young daughter were staying at the Dyer House in Cheyenne.

Both Levy and Harrison had been drinking and playing cards most of the day on March 9, 1877. About six o'clock that evening the two dropped into Shingle and Locke's new saloon. They continued drinking and were apparently quarreling about an earlier card game. Harrison became increasingly abusive and remarked that he hated Irishmen. When he repeated the remark several times, Levy pulled his pistol, but Harrison quickly stated that he was unarmed. He told Levy if he would wait until he secured his own pistol, he would give him "a turn." The men then left the saloon together.

The two gamblers were separated at the Senate Saloon where Harrison went in and obtained a pistol. Reappearing on the snow-covered streets a few minutes later, Harrison spotted Levy across the road, near the corner of 16th and Eddy Streets. Standing in front of "Frenchy's" Saloon, Harrison opened fire.

The Cheyenne *Daily Leader* recorded the brief fight: "Levy returned the fire, and six shots were exchanged, only one of which took effect, striking Harrison in the left breast and felling him, though not being at all serious. He raised up after being hit, and fired once more at Levy, who then ran across the street, shot the prostrate man in the hip, and left him."

Bat Masterson and a hundred others ever since have always held this fight up as a clear example of calm deliberation over haste and speed. "Harrison," wrote Masterson, "as was expected, fairly set his pistol on fire he was shooting so fast, and managed to fire five shots at Levy before the latter could draw a bead on him. Levy finally let go a shot. It was all that was necessary." Bat's memory was either faulty as to details, or he was describing a different gun battle.

The *Daily Leader* was equally unimpressed with this gunfight. "They didn't kill each other," ran the *Leader* headline, "but the people would have been

better satisfied if they had. A shooting affray between two drunken gamblers, neither of whom was a good marksman."

Harrison was taken to his rooms at the Dyer House where two physicians worked over him. The *Leader* noted that the shot had taken effect "in the right hip, taking a circular course across the lower abdomen, and lodging close to the surface in the left hip. . . ." The gambler stubbornly refused to have the ball extracted and was soon asleep with the aid of morphine. By this time his wound was considered quite serious.

The Deadwood paper reported that Levy, after the shooting, stepped around the corner and ordered supper at the Oyster Bay Restaurant. He had finished a leisurely meal by the time Sheriff Carr arrested him at ten o'clock that evening.

Early the following morning the bullet was taken from the wounded gambler's thigh, but the attending doctor made it clear that it may have caused a death wound.

In commenting on the battle, the *Leader* reported that "All the evidence goes to show that Harrison fired the first shot" and that after Harrison was down, Levy "then ran across the street and inflicted the second wound. The plea of self-defense might well be set up in Levy's behalf had he not done this, but we believe he should be made to suffer the severest penalty of the law for thus carrying into effect an evident intention to kill his man."

Taken before a justice of the peace on March 14, Levy was given a preliminary examination. Bail was put at $1,000 and it was decided to await the outcome of Harrison's battle for life.

"Levy, the pistolferous gambler," commented the *Leader*, "has procured bail and is at large. Harrison is reported improving, his medical attendant stating that he will recover, though with the loss of a portion of one leg."

The prognosis, however, was premature. Harrison lingered for nearly two weeks, but finally died on March 22, 1877. About forty carriages followed his hearse to the local cemetery—all carrying "a majority of the sporting fraternity, with their wives and other females."

There is no further word of Levy in the Cheyenne press. Whether he skipped town or was officially released is not known.

LIKE most gamblers Jim kept on the move for the next few years traveling from one mining camp to another. Pioche, Virginia City, Deadwood and old Cheyenne—the most colorful towns of the West and Levy had hit them all. He was at Leadville for a time, then moved on to the new boom town of Tombstone. He appeared in Tucson early in 1882 where he was still operating as a "knight of the green cloth." Many men in town knew him—some by reputation and others who had sat opposite him in various camps and towns of the West. He was about forty years old and had little to show for his years of drifting.

John Murphy, a gambler with a tough reputation, ran a faro game in the Fashion, one of Tucson's more popular saloons. Levy and Murphy had quarreled sometime in late May and had not got along well afterward. When Levy came into the Fashion late on the afternoon of June 5, 1882, he started bucking faro at Murphy's table. Both men had made threats against each other, Levy remarking to a friend that he would waltz on Murphy's faro layout and "shoot their checks from the table." Another time he threatened to shoot out Murphy's eye.

The stage was set for tragedy. From all accounts, Levy was drunk and looking for trouble that evening. By playing at his enemy's table a fight was just a matter of time. When Murphy left for a few minutes, Levy snarled that he had been cheated. After Murphy returned and heard this, he stated he did not allow drunks to play at his table and anyone saying his game was crooked was a liar. Murphy was reported in the local press as being exceedingly irate and "threatened all manner of things."

The shouting match ended in the two gamblers agreeing to fight a duel over the border the following morning. Levy then left with a friend, saying he was going to his room.

By this time it was late, and Murphy and his friend Boll Moyer left also and walked up Congress Street looking for a game. Finding no interesting games in progress, they returned to the Fashion where a man named Green excitedly told them that Levy was still about and telling all who would listen that he would settle with his enemies before morning.

A man named Dave Gibson had also been involved in the Levy argument and had left to go to a corral. Murphy said later that he and Moyer then left to go and warn Gibson.

Levy had meanwhile walked over to the home of a friend on Camp Street. With him was George Duncan, a gambler who had known him for the past eight years. Duncan tried to talk him into going to his room, but Levy insisted he was going to obtain a pistol. Duncan was armed but refused to lend the weapon to his friend.

As they toured several saloons Levy tried to borrow pistols from other acquaintances, but was repeatedly turned down. He kept repeating that he was going to be attacked and that he was going to settle things before morning. His friends, all trying to keep him out of trouble, still refused to give him a pistol.

Levy finally seemed to give up on trying to arm himself and he and Duncan headed toward the Palace Hotel where Levy lived. Outside the hotel the two men stopped and talked to several others at a bootblack stand.

At this time Moyer, Murphy and Gibson were approaching the scene, a witness later testifying to hearing them cock their pistols as they passed by. Just before the trio arrived at the Palace, Levy and Duncan stepped inside and spoke to the clerk. Knowing of the trouble the clerk saw the Murphy group pass by and told Levy he had better leave by the rear entrance. Either not hearing the clerk, or being too drunk to understand, Levy and Duncan turned and walked toward the front door.

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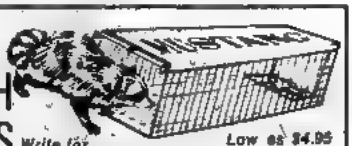

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MURPHY and his friends had passed by the Palace and seen Levy, but continued walking. Now they turned and hurried back. They had no way of knowing that Jim Levy wasn't armed.

As Levy stepped into the hallway and headed for the door, several pistol shots sent showers of splinters from the woodwork. Duncan dived behind a door. "My God," shouted Levy and ran out the door directly into his attackers and another hail of lead. Murphy, Moyer and Gibson all cut loose on him as he pushed past them and ran desperately across the street where he collapsed on the sidewalk.

"I then ran over to Levy," recalled Duncan later. "He apparently fell headlong into a closed doorway, but before I could reach him he seemed to raise slightly and fall upon his back. . . . I raised his head and spoke to him, and a gurgling sound was heard in his throat. . . ."

By the time a doctor arrived, Jim Levy was dead. He had five wounds, all but one of which could have proved fatal. The top-notcher had died without being given a chance, much as Wild Bill had died in those faraway days at old Deadwood.

Murphy "and company" were quickly taken into custody and a preliminary hearing was held before Judge Meyer on June 11. A great deal of testimony was given. Although the killers didn't know their victim was unarmed, it still boiled down to three armed men ambushing one unarmed man. The judge ruled the trio should be held until the grand jury met and indicted them for murder. Meanwhile they were to be held without being allowed visitors.

Housed in the same cell, Murphy, Moyer and Gibson managed to overpower their jailer and escape one evening the following October. Disappearing into the desert, the men were reported being seen by a rancher near Tombstone in November. Apparently they were never apprehended and brought to trial.

In Tucson, opinion was divided over Levy's violent death. "The bravo," editorialized the *Arizona Daily Star*, "stands alone in the community. He is alien to all humanizing feelings, reckless of all that other people most regard—a hero only in his capacity to kill—just as the wolf or the tiger is different from the animals upon whom they prey. Armed and menacing, his forbidding life threatened all with whom he came in contact. Swept out of life, there is not even a regret to succeed him, or a ripple on the surface of the society which his life menaced. . . ."

But one old-timer saw things differently. In 1924 pioneer A. F. Banta recalled that violent night in old Tucson so many years before. "Jim Levy," he wrote, "had more 'sand' in one of his fingers than the three yellow-streaked curs had in their three bodies combined."

Top-notcher or not, Jim would have liked that.

Fortune Lost in a Cattle Drive

(Continued from page 9)

route which would take them through Klamath Falls, Goose Lake and along the Pit River. In retrospect, Thompson found it hard to understand this decision. The owners were well aware that the longer route ran through Indian country, that they might encounter bands of Modoc, Piute or Pit River Indians. They knew, too, the reputation of these Indians—that they were among the most thieving and treacherous on the coast.

Thompson could only conclude that their judgment was obscured by the utter contempt in which they held these tribes. He did agree that "to see a filthy lousy ragged Indian sneaking around in sage brush with a bow and arrow trying to kill a jack rabbit or squirrel doesn't inspire a white man as to his fighting ability." How wrong this opinion was, would soon be demonstrated.

As the party left Ashland, it consisted of eighteen men; two wagons carrying camp equipment, each drawn by a two-yoke ox team; and horses for the drovers. The cattle were allowed to drift slowly from one watering hole to the next. They thrived on lush grass. Thompson recalled, "The herd was the finest I ever saw. Even the poorest would bring $75 on the hoof in Virginia City."

Upon arrival at Goose Lake, water in the 40-mile long and 15-mile wide lake was unusually high for summer time, so high that the road was completely covered. Platforms were built on the wagon boxes and all the equipment piled high on them. The oxen were prodded into swimming across. The horses and cattle were also forced to swim.

BY THEN it was time to leave the Applegate Trail and turn south on the Lassen Trail along the Pit River. They arrived August 1 at Hot Springs Valley, near the present town of Canby, California.

Here two squaws entered their camp on the pretext of bringing a pair of shoes they had found at the last camping place. The women seemed friendly enough, but suspicion was aroused that they might be spies and that other Indians might be nearby. In fact, smoke had been seen rising from the tops of hills for several days, clear evidence that Indians were around.

Thompson was the first to encounter trouble. He was bringing up the rear with one of the two wagons. All at once nine big Indians stepped out in the road in front of his team. "I saw they had bows and arrows but no guns," he related. "They told me to stop. The spokesman had a dressed deer hide in his hand and indicated he wanted to trade for powder and lead." Thompson wished fervently he could have reached for the guns which were in the back of the wagon. Without them he would have to do the best he could.

Most white men had an unwritten law that no ammunition was ever to be sold to an Indian, so Thompson shook his head to the proposal and whipped up his team. The Indians immediately sat down in the road, knowing full well that the oxen would not go over them. Thompson took to the rocky and rough ground to the side of the road, and by whipping his team pretty vigorously he made it

around them. When he dared to look back, the Indians were still there.

Thompson caught up with the main party who had made camp on the banks of a creek. Soon Simms, one of the drovers, galloped in and said that he had been shot at but had escaped by riding out of his way. He also brought the disturbing news that Sam Evans and his uncle Dave Evans were farther back, traveling with a lame steer. "What I am afraid of is that Sam and Dave might ride up unknowingly and get shot at. I think some of us ought to go back to warn them. We can try to talk to the Indians, offer them tobacco and try to get them in good humor."

Seven of the men, including Joe Bailey, volunteered to accompany Simms back to see what could be done. One of them, Lige Crow, reported what happened.

The volunteers met Sam and Dave about where the Indians had sat down in the road. They were now crouching on the rimrock ridge. The drover motioned for the Indians to come down to parley. Instead, they motioned for the men to come up, which they proceeded to do.

As they could ride only part way up the ridge, they dismounted and started walking the remainder of the way. Just then a large number of Indians came pouring over the rimrock, yelling wildly. The men broke for their horses and so did the Indians.

Joe Bailey had a rifle and a six-shooter. He fired his rifle, then drew his six-shooter to try to hold back the Indians until his boys could get to their horses. Bailey was immediately surrounded and shot full of arrows. Sam Evans was shot in his throat and breast, and Dave in the shoulder. Many of the arrows found their mark in the horses.

Crow noticed Sam reeling in his saddle, so he pulled up close and tried to straighten him up and pull the arrow from his breast. To no avail. Sam fell and was dead before he struck the ground. The Indians were so close now that to save themselves, the white men had to leave both Joe and Sam behind. By riding hard, they managed to escape and get back to camp.

The seriousness of the situation was apparent. Both owners, Bailey and Evans, were dead; drovers Simms and Dave Evans were seriously wounded. The cattle had stampeded in all directions, with no chance of rounding them up. The Indians were watching their every move.

AFTER exploring all alternatives, Thompson said they decided their only course was to take the wounded men to Fort Crook, 100 miles distant. Before setting out, Thompson recalled that Sam had some money in his saddle bags. He rode back to where the wagons had been abandoned and found the bags in one of them. To his amazement they contained $1,500 in gold.

To get as far away from the Indians as quickly as possible, the party rode all night. By morning the wounded men were suffering so that a stop to give them rest was unavoidable. The horses, too, needed rest and one of them died.

The loss of the horse which had not been too seriously wounded led the men to believe that the Indians were probably using poisoned arrows. Thompson observed in his reminiscences, "Bow and arrow is a terrible fighting machine at close quarters and when poisoned arrows are used, the slightest wound may kill."

After a rest the men continued their journey and on the third day were about thirty miles from the Fort. Here they were met by Lieutenant Fieldner and some soldiers. When asked how he knew about them, Fieldner explained that information had come from a friendly squaw. She had said that one of the Indians who participated in the attack had taken a short cut through the mountains to the Fort, and there had bragged about it. The squaw reported what he had said to one of the soldiers, who in turn told his commanding officer.

After being told the details of the Indian encounter, Fieldner suggested that if a couple of men would go with him and his soldiers, to act as guide, perhaps some of the property and cattle could be recovered. Thompson and Al Hill agreed to go.

At the scene of the fight and at their last camp, they found everything burned, including the wagons, and no sign of the cattle. They found the bodies of Bailey and Evans and buried them. (Later these men were reburied in Oregon.)

A trail to the southeast suggested that the cattle might have gone that way. It led through a small valley and there the party saw three Indians shooting arrows into a steer that had become mired in a swampy hole.

When the Indians spotted the white men, they started running toward a high rocky bluff. One lagged behind. Hill and Thompson took after the other two. The lieutenant shot at the laggard. Just as he did, the Indian drew his bow. Fortunately, the arrow struck the buckle on the strap of the lieutenant's field glass, probably saving his life. However, he lost his balance and pitched head over heels off his horse. The Indian drew his knife, started for the fallen officer, who though dazed had gotten up and was staggering about. He had sufficient strength to draw his big Dragoon revolver and shoot the Indian through the stomach and again through the shoulder. Both shots would have killed an ordinary man, but this one was able to turn and limp into some high grass and tules in the swamp. An orderly followed him and with another shot killed him.

Hill and Thompson meanwhile pursued the other two Indians, and Hill finally got a shot at one with his double-barreled shotgun. The other got away.

Thompson, looking at the dead Indian in the swamp commented, "He is the biggest Indian I have ever seen." One of the soldiers taunted the officer, "Do you think you could whip ten like him with your 'Injun killer'?"

The taunt grew out of the dislike which the soldiers had for Fieldner. He was German and had been trained in the German army. He had just come from the East, knew nothing about fighting Indians, but was strong on regulations. The soldiers under his command

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had no discipline when he came, did not want any, and proceeded to make life as miserable as they could for the young officer.

They particularly resented his boast that with his new model breech-loading rifle which he brought with him, he could whip ten Indians single-handed. The men dubbed his rifle "Injun killer."

It was not surprising then that the soldier who saw him tumble off his horse could not resist a jibe at the officer. His reply was, "Silence in the ranks!"

After the fracas, they made camp. Hill wanted to scalp the big Indian, but the lieutenant would not permit it. So Hill said, "All right, I'll go up and get the one I killed on the hill and scalp him." When Hill and Thompson went to look for him, no trace could be found. They concluded that the other Indian had carried him off.

The party proceeded to ride all over the country trying to find enough cattle to at least come up with a small herd, but all they found were a few in the Pit River swamp. They did find some dressed carcasses that the Indians had hung in juniper trees to dry. These were destroyed.

Not being able to locate the cattle, they returned to Fort Crook. In their absence Simms had died, and Dave Evans was still in serious condition.

Evans finally recovered and, when able to travel, he and Thompson went on to Virginia City and worked at various jobs until fall.

Thompson often pondered why the calamity had befallen them. It had left Bailey, Sam Evans and Simms dead. The cattle had scattered all over Northern California and even back into Oregon. No profit whatsoever had been realized from 900 head of cattle. "Perhaps the misfortune would not have happened," he concluded, "if the owners had had more regard for the fighting prowess of the Indians, and all of us had been more alert to the possibility of an Indian attack."

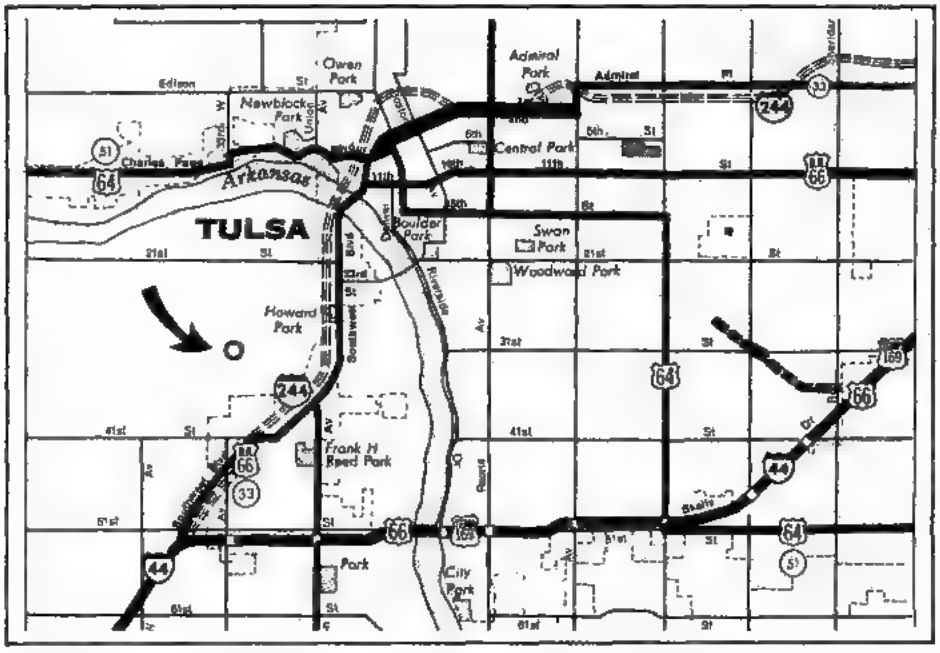
Treasure of Lookout Mountain

(Continued from page 17)

the east toward the west with the needles and got a strong reading where the needles crossed, and I marked the spot. I walked the same kind of north to south line and got the same thing at the same spot with the needles."

Over the next few days Roy began to move the rocks with half sticks of dynamite. At first his idea about how to get to the treasure in the cave involved starting at the cave's entrance, where the pile of rocks lay, but as blasting went so slowly, he soon changed his methods.

"I DECIDED to go straight down from the spot where the needles had crossed over the strongest," he said. "I even began to try to conceal what I was doing by making it look like I was piling up rocks to dam up a stock pond. You see, I never even told my wife exactly where I was working on the hill and I kept my mouth shut and never told no one what I was doing with the blasting and all.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Later, in a letter to the Silver City *Independent*, Ralph wrote that he did not know who did the shooting. "I then started to Mogollon to notify the sheriff there of what had occurred, and met my youngest brother at Willow Creek and had him do it for me. Mr. Porter, Mrs. Murray, and Mr. Kerr, Justice of the Peace, came out at once and a coroner's jury was collected, my testimony heard, and after the verdict we buried Mr. Johnson."

Because the evidence looked bad for Ralph Jenks, he was later arrested and taken into custody at Mogollon along with a man named Henry Reinhart who was believed also involved.

According to Hoover, "J. Marvin Hunter, Sr. of Bandera, Texas was one of the deputy officers who took those men to Silver City. He has written, 'We had left Mogollon about nine o'clock one morning with Jenks and Reinhart in tow, and after we got over the mountain and hit the arroyo, we averaged about five miles an hour. We must have been about fifty miles from Mogollon when the tragedy occurred. The tragedy took place when Jenks allegedly pulled a gun from the saddle scabbard of Deputy Edgar Scarborough who then drew his pistol and killed the man.' Mr. Hunter continued, 'This delayed us an hour or more.'"

Jenks' body was covered with a tarp weighted down by rocks along the edges and left beside the road. They started for Silver City about 10:30, traveled till 12 o'clock and as their horses were pretty well jaded, camped till daylight, and got up and proceeded on their way. They reached Silver City around noon. District Court was in session, Scarborough was placed in jail, and the case was immediately considered by the grand jury which no-billed Scarborough. Hunter said, "I heard the District Judge tell Sheriff Blair to take some men and go out and bury Jenks. . . . I always held to the idea that they buried him where he fell, but of this I am not certain."

AMONG the old-timers of the Gila area there are different versions as to what happened. One is that Jenks, with his hands tied behind him on a horse was deliberately shot—a "cold-blooded murder." This report Mr. Hunter denied.

Another story is that Jenks wore "heavy canvas gloves," or gauntlets, and that with that handicap he could not have manipulated pulling a gun from Scarborough's scabbard.

After the killing Scarborough was placed under arrest; and the fact that he was placed in the jail at Silver City suggested that there was something irregular in the killing.

At that time H. J. (Bill) Evans, and his wife Nina lived on a homestead about four miles above Mogollon. Mrs. Evans was a large frontier-type woman, seemingly more masculine than feminine, and considered capable of taking care of herself in any situation. Local tradition has it that after this affair Roy Jenks, actual murderer of Keeshi Johnson, was hidden in the forest near the Evans home by Nina "while she made a set of false whiskers" for him. Any other type of disguise would have been difficult to obtain. It is thought that these whiskers enabled him to leave the country undetected.

Shortly after Jenks was killed, the rest of the family left for parts unknown but the Jenks' cabins were familiar landmarks in the Mogollon for many years.

There are also rumors of a conflict between the Jenks brothers and the Nine Sixteen (916) brand. The owners had the same number for their car license. This was a brand that they thought could not be changed; nevertheless, they were suspicious of the Jenks. The 916 was owned by the Shellys, one of whom, Lawrence, had been sheriff. Allegedly, they were the cause of Johnson's having gone to inspect the Jenks herd. They believed that when Johnson went to Raw Meat Canyon where he was killed that he, too, had been wearing gauntlets that would have handicapped him if he were attacked.

If Ralph Jenks' body was buried beside the road where he died, possibly it was moved later by the family; for there was a tombstone in the cemetery at Mogollon with the name "Ralph Jenks."

Now there are no rustlers in the Gila Wilderness, and few indications of man at all other than paved roads, fences, and bridges, with an occasional house every twenty or thirty miles. Yet, there is far more unwritten history in that area than has been put into print. It is a gold mine of raw material, full of adventure and replete with mystery.

Dutchallover

(Continued from page 39)

Those were the only people remaining when the troops had marched away.

Finding it too late to flee, Diedrick decided to hide them on top of a roof, as some of the roofs were of the old Mexican style, protected with a parapet about three feet in height. They hurriedly gathered what they could before climbing to the roof-top. Among the things taken were two barrels of water and one sack of flour.

The refugees were to remain in this precarious spot for over two days. Fortunately someone in the past had thrown some old wagon-wheel spokes on top of the roof. With these Diedrick and the others were able to make a small fire to bake their saltless biscuits. Every precaution was taken to conceal the smoke and odor of burnt wood.

Imagine the hardship and anxiety they must have endured, with the two small children, a dying man, and the realization that one false move would mean sure death for everyone. The Indians, though, were so busy looting and pillaging, they never suspected the presence of the refugees above them. Finally tiring of celebrating the troops' withdrawal, Nicholas and his Apache followers departed.

At nightfall, Diedrick and his small party, minus the ill man, got off the roof and started afoot for Presidio. The ill man was in no condition to travel and there was no way to carry him. He was left in hope that a stage west from San

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Antonio would find him alive. The stage did arrive the next day but the man had already died.

Diedrick and his small party trudged on and arrived in Presidio four days later. It was an exhausting ninety-two mile journey.

After this episode, Fort Davis was left unattended until June 1867. This time it was garrisoned with the black troopers of the 9th U. S. Cavalry. This newly formed unit was led by Lieutenant Colonel Wesley Merritt.

Diedrick Dutchover was one of the many civilians to be hired by the quartermaster to help rebuild Fort Davis. He contracted to haul rafters to the new post from the post sawmill at Sawmill Canyon, twenty-five miles away. A squad of soldiers was stationed at the sawmill and Diedrick and his men camped nearby for protection. The Indians took note and Diedrick Dutchover was no longer immune from their hostlity.

Once the Mescalero Apaches crept up to the corral where Diedrick kept his work oxen and stole thirty head. Soldiers were sent in pursuit but had no luck. Shortly after this incident five Mescaleros stole fifty more head at Diedrick's ranch only five miles from the fort. It is said that the Indians rarely failed to raid Dutchover's place. Over the years he lost many sheep and cattle to Indians. In one incident in 1878 a Mexican woman, who was herding horses off a cornfield for Dutchover, was killed by them. Diedrick was thought to be the most frequently raided rancher in the Big Bend country. This is quite possible as he lived in easy striking distance of the trails that Indians used in going to and from their forays.

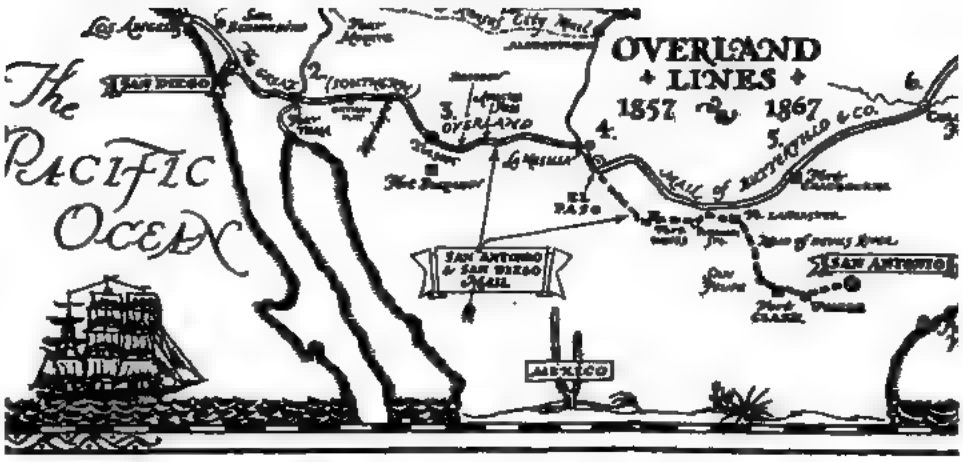
Sometime after he had arrived at Fort Davis in 1850, Diedrick married Refugio Salcido, a young girl from El Paso. Refugio, or Cora as she was called by the people of Fort Davis, was from Spain. Language was not a problem as Diedrick by then spoke both English and Spanish. In fact his dedicated involvement, mannerisms and colloquialisms were such that the Mexicans forgot he was a European.

Diedrick and Cora raised a large family. Their ten children were Frank, the oldest, Joe, Luis, Edward, Belen, Dora, Mary, Cora, Annie and red-haired Tom the youngest. From these offspring were spawned numerous descendants of Anton Diedrick. Many of them still live in the Fort Davis and Marfa area; others are now spread out over the United States.

In his later years Diedrick Dutchover lived off the small pension he was granted for being a veteran of the Mexican War. When applying for this pension, Diedrick had to prove that he was Anton Diedrick, Diedrick Dutchallover, and finally Diedrick Dutchover.

Also in his later years, Diedrick took a liking to wine which he manufactured from the products of his fine garden and orchard. Perhaps he drank in excess. One of his grandchildren remembers him lying down on his bed in a stupor with a bucket of wine close by and a dipper at hand.

Diedrick Dutchover died at Fort Davis, Texas on March 12, 1904. His wife Refugio died on May 24, 1908 after her buckboard capsized. She was interred next to her husband at the old Fort Davis Cemetery. When most of the Catholics were removed to another cemetery later, the remains of Diedrick and Refugio were left where they had been buried. It is fitting—for Dutchallover had been there at the beginning of Fort Davis and would want to be there forevermore.



Map from Six Horses, by Captain William Banning & George Hugh Banning, The Century Co.

Map shows the route followed on the San Antonio to El Paso mail run.

A Ride into the Third Decade

(Continued from page 28)

more after the books were published. It took them a long time to get in print.

"We knew that there was no popular publication providing any guidance to collectors of good Western Americana. We finally said, 'Well, hell, can we do it?' 'Hell yes,' we said. 'It'll take some time but we'll have some fun and maybe provide some help to people like us who'd like to find out something about new books before they go into later printings.

THAT was the beginning. Soon after the column was started, the distinctly Western logo of three cowboys at full gallop became a trademark for the column. The logo is a Charlie Russell drawing. The original—it's part of a larger Russell sketch—is owned by Fred Renner who put together one of the largest private collections of Russell's original art anywhere.

Renner, who received a B.S.F. degree from the University of Washington and an M.S. from Oregon State University, was then and still is a leading authority on Charlie Russell and his art. As a young boy he knew Russell and watched him work.

Renner has published more than a hundred articles in the field of range management, and five books about Russell, including *Paper Talk: Illustrated Letters of Charles M. Russell* (1962); *Charles M. Russell: Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture in the Amon G. Carter Collection* (1966); and with Karl Yost, *A Bibliography of the Published Works of Charles M. Russell* (1971).

. Dykes, Renner and Allred produced their monthly column in a systematic way. Fred Renner received review copies from publishers and in turn distributed them to the other Bookaroos. They read and reviewed the books.

Bill Allred, an authority on Western range life and plants, would be given the books relating to his area of expertise, while Jeff Dykes concentrated on books concerned with Texas, the cattle trade, outlaws, county and local histories and Western art. Fred Renner covered other subjects, especially those dealing with Charlie Russell.

All reviews were channeled to Renner who would then edit them and prepare the column. In time, *Arizona and the West, The American Book Collector*, and *Brand Book of the Chicago Corral* of the Westerners and other publications began carrying "Western Book Roundup."

"We've probably reviewed more than 3,000 titles for the column since it began," says Dykes. "One day we received a small book entitled *The Old Gravois Coal Diggings* by Mary Joan Boyer. The coal company had been owned by Charlie Russell's family. She did a pretty nice job of research on the book which was printed at Festus, Missouri. Well, Fred Renner did the review. It was published and a little while later we got a nice letter from the author saying we'd sold out her book for her. She was as happy as she could be about that. The book was an important contribution. It contains much of Charlie Russell's early life."

Dykes added that when the book was first published in the 1950s, it sold for $5. Today, he said, a copy in good condition is worth about $25. And Dykes should know, because after years of collecting and after retiring from government work more than ten years ago, he became a bookseller. Today he is one of the leading dealers in Western books in America. He's also a well-known author.

In 1975 Northland Press published his monumental 457-page *Fifty Great Western Illustrators: A Bibliography Checklist*, and more recently (1978) they published his *Western High Spots*. Dykes helped Ben W. Kemp put together his *Cow Dust and Saddle Leather* (1968), the story of Kemp's rancher-father. And Dykes helped to edit *Flat Top Ranch: The Story of a Grassland Venture* (1957).

Dykes, who was a long-time personal friend of the late J. Frank Dobie, the well-known Texas writer, wrote half of *44 & 44*, a guide to 88 range country books, half of them selected by Dobie in

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1941 and the other half chosen by Dykes in 1971. And Dykes has written numerous articles and monographs on Western subjects, including book collecting.

Since the Old Bookaroos first hit the trail in 1955, others have joined the band. Bill Allred died about a year ago, and Fred Renner retired and moved to Arizona. David Dary, who became acquainted with the Bookaroos while living and working in Washington, D. C. during the early 1960s, has now assumed the role of coordinator for the column, a task once handled by Fred Renner. Dary, a native Kansan and author of *The Buffalo Book* (1974) plus more than 200 articles on the Old West, prepares the column at Lawrence, Kansas where he is a journalism professor in the William Allen White School of Journalism at the University of Kansas.

From the Bookaroos' new Western headquarters, the reviews of Dykes, Renner and Dary make their way into "Western Book Roundup," continuing a tradition established more than two decades ago when the Old Bookaroos first hit the trail.

In this issue see page 1.

The Bundy Avant Story

(Continued from page 31)

went and got a room where he stayed the night.

Next morning he was up early, had his breakfast and was sitting on the front porch when Newt Kemp came by. Newt told him the bank was closed. Stover wasn't worried. "It's not time for it to open, yet," he said. Newt persisted, "There's a sign on the door that says, 'CLOSED FOR LITIGATION'."

Stover went to satisfy himself about the matter. Sure enough, that's what the sign said. Stover walked across the street to the Titsworth store. Bert Provine was already sweeping out, and gave Stover a big greeting, and asked what he could do for him. Stover said, "You got any good guns?"

Provine pointed to a showcase with pride, and said, "You just pick out the one you want."

Stover selected a .30-30 rifle and then asked if he might have a broken box of shells to try out the gun with. Provine was anxious to please, and opened a box of shells. Stover started out of the store with the gun, then he turned back and said, "If I don't come back, Bert, you charge me with this gun."

Rifle under his arm, Stover went to the back door of the bank and knocked. Fred Phingston, one of the bank directors, opened it and said, "Sorry, the bank is closed for a director's meeting."

"Yes, I know," said Stover, motioning with his rifle. "You just stand right over there." White jumped up from his chair, and Stover told him, "You stand right over there with Fred."

Phingston just covered his face with his hands and began pleading, "Now, Mr. Stover, now, Mr. Stover!"

Stover began in a deadly calm voice. "I got in here yesterday just in time to put $900 cash in this bank." He looked at White, whose face matched his name by then. "You knew then," continued Stover, "that you was goin' to steal my money. Now I want what the books say I got in this bank."

Hastily Phingston broke in, "Give him what the books say, Mr. White!" And White hustled to hand the money to Stover.

Stover walked back to the store and told Provine, "This sure is a good gun. It did what I wanted it to and I never fired a shot." He handed the rifle back, and went out to saddle old Billy. Then he rode to the bank at Carrizozo and there asked to see E. M. Brickley, president of the bank.

"Mr. Brickley," he said, "I've got some money I want to put in this bank, but I want to know if I want it out again, can I get it?"

Brickley reached for one of their statement of credits and liabilities, but Stover waved it away. "That ain't what I asked you," he said, doggedly. "I want to know if I can send for this money can I get it?"

"You can get it anytime you ask for it, Mr. Stover," said the bank president, so Stover put his money in the Carrizozo bank and rode Billy back home.

Some people think that cowboys and ranch people are taciturn, slow-talking individuals whose vocabulary is mostly limited to a "yup" and "no." This simply is not true. They can express themselves very forcefully when the need arises.

On the other hand, I have ridden a mile or more alongside a man without a word being spoken. When you have worked with, slept with, and lived in close quarters with a man for a long period of time, it gets to the point where each almost knows what the other is thinking. A mere nod of the head toward some stock on the side of the mountain, or the flick of a finger at a horse or other animal, is all that is needed to convey the message that "Old Spot's got her calf with her," when we had thought a mountain lion might have gotten it. Or, "There's Old Roan—we hunted him half a day Sunday."

And there are wonderful friendships that have sprung up between men working together where a man's life often depends on his partner. Cowboys may seem a devil-may-care sort of people—laughing at you when your horse bucks you off on the side of a rocky mountain, or when your horse is tangled in the rope with a wild, fighting cow on the other end of it, but don't you doubt that when the chips are down he'll be there, often at the risk of his own life, dabbing his rope on the old cow's heels and stretching her out.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 37)

Rogers were killed in a plane crash in 1935.

Some years back someone had Will Rogers at Lucille Mulhall's funeral in 1940.

There will never be another Will Rogers but let's let him rest in peace.—J. W. Caviness, 2045 Silverada Blvd., Reno, Nevada 89501

Editor's note: The election date was wrong. We're sorry. You are right that on two occasions we've let errors slip by concerning Will Rogers' death date. We're not sure, but it seems you pointed out the first one. There's an old joke about, "I tole you onct, I tole you twict —," and we're going to try our best to see that there's never a third time!

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